

A  
SELECTION  
OF FAVOURITE  
CATCHES, GLEES, &c.

AS SUNG AT THE  
**Harmonic Society,**

IN THE  
CITY OF BATH. ~~B K~~  
WITH ~~R~~  
THE RULES OF THE SOCIETY,  
AND A  
LIST OF THE MEMBERS.

—●●●●—  
CURARUM DULCE LEVAMEN. HOR.



PRINTED BY R. CRUTTWELL;  
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IN BATH, AND BY C. DILLY, LONDON.  
M DCC XCVII.

SELECTION

CATCHES OF FISH

BOATSMEN'S BOOKS

CITY OF LONDON

THE RIVER OF THE LONDON



GEORGE BUCKLE & SONS, LTD.

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IN LONDON, AND BY C. D. BENTLEY, LONDON.

M DCC LXXXV



## ADVERTISEMENT.

*THE Manuscript of the following Selection, having afforded much Satisfaction to the Possessor in its occasional perusal at the Harmonic Society, he commits to the Press; because he is solicitous that every other member should, with him, enjoy those pleasures which naturally flow from a combination of sense with musical sounds. As a friend to social intercourse on rational principles, he cannot drop his pen without expressing his confidential hopes, that as this INSTITUTION is founded on DELICACY, MODERATION, and RESPECTABILITY, they may long continue to be its DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTICS, as THESE ALONE can ensure its PERMANENCY.*

Feb. 14, 1797.

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*January 5th, 1797.*

AT a General Meeting of the Members,  
held at the White-Hart Inn this day,  
pursuant to public Notice from the  
Committee, it was unanimously agreed  
that the following shall be the standing

RULES  
OF  
THE HARMONIC SOCIETY.

I.

THE END for which this Society is established shall be the *Promotion of Harmony* in its general signification. In order to preserve which, no POLITICAL DISCUSSION shall be suffered to take place; nor shall any INDECENT SONG OR SENTIMENT *be permitted to be sung or spoken on any account whatever.*

II.

No person whatsoever shall be eligible into this Society but Noblemen, Gentlemen, and Professional

Professional Men, who reside in Bath or its vicinity, or who may occasionally visit it.

## III.

Every Person who is desirous of becoming a Member, must be chosen by ballot; previous to which he must be proposed by one Member, whose name, together with that of the candidate, shall be put up in some conspicuous part of the room during the meeting preceding that on which he is to be balloted for. Nine Members must be present to constitute a ballot. The proportion of one black to two white balls shall exclude for the season. The fractional number (if any) to be considered in favour of the candidate. In case any candidate shall appear to be rejected, the ballot shall be immediately repeated.\*

## IV.

The members shall assemble at half past six o'clock every Friday evening (Passion week excepted) during the season. The meetings shall

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\* Ordered by the Committee, that no candidate shall be balloted for, unless the Member who proposed him be present.



commence on the last Friday in November, and terminate the last Friday in April.

## v.

A Fund for the support of the meetings shall be raised by each member annually subscribing *One Guinea*. If any Gentleman (being in Bath or its vicinity) shall neglect to pay his Subscription for the space of one month after the commencement of his residence, he shall be considered as seceding from the Society, and cannot be re-admitted as a member without being regularly proposed and balloted. Members absent a whole season are not to be called on for their Subscriptions, and shall be received into the Society on their arrival, at any future period, free from arrears.

## vi.

Each Member shall sit as President according to priority of subscription each season: he shall take the Chair precisely at seven o'clock, and be absolute during the evening. If such Member whose turn it is to sit as President be not in the room at the above-named hour, then the next Member present on the list shall take his place, and continue in it till he arrives.

## vii. On

VII.

On the President's taking the Chair, the Musical Performance, consisting of Catches, Glees, Part and Single Songs, shall commence, and continue 'till nine o'clock; at which time the ballot for new Members shall take place.

VIII.

Each Member shall have the privilege of bringing one Visiter, paying Four Shillings admission-money, entering his name on the Secretary's list, and introducing him to the President; but the same Visiter cannot be received (as such) more than twice in a season.

IX.

A cold Supper at Four Shillings each, (Port Wine and Sherry included) shall be on the table for such Members as may like to partake of it, precisely at half past nine o'clock. After supper is over, the Canon of NON NOBIS, DOMINE! shall be sung, the whole Society standing up.

X.

Only three Toasts shall be given; which are,  
*The King and Constitution in Church and State—the*  
*Harmonic*

*Harmonic Society and its absent Members—Dr. Harington, the founder of this society.*

XI.

The President shall order a bill to be brought in at *eleven o'clock*, when he shall quit the Chair and adjourn the Meeting.

XII.

A Committee of the five undermentioned Gentlemen are appointed to regulate the affairs of the Society during the present year,

Dr. HARINGTON

Rev. J. BOWEN

Sir E. HARINGTON

Mr. LEWIS

AND

Mr. LEWIS LLOYD,

Who shall occasionally assist the President: and in case any one or more of them shall be absent, the vacancy or vacancies, during such absence, shall be filled by the Senior Member or Members present.

T. HUSTLER,

CHAIRMAN.



A  
LIST OF THE MEMBERS  
OF  
THE HARMONIC SOCIETY,  
FOR THE YEAR 1797.

---

Those marked thus \* were Members of the old Catch Club.

---

HIS Royal Highness the DUKE of YORK

\*The most Noble the Marquis of Bath

The most Noble the Marquis of Lansdown

\*Right Honourable the Earl of Cork

Hon. Lord John Thynne, M. P.

Right Hon. Sir R. P. Arden, knt. Master of  
the Rolls, M. P.

\*Baron Dillon

\*Hon. Colonel North, M. P.

Hon. Colonel Cosmo Gordon

Hon. Colonel Dillon

Honourable and Rev. Mr. Cholmondley

Honourable T. Maude

Sir John Croft, bart.

Sir Nigel Gresley, bart.

\*Sir Peter Nugent, bart.

\*Sir James Fitzgerald, bart.

Sir Hugh Dillon Maffey, bart.

Sir Edward Harington

Admiral Graves

Lieut.-General Peché

Colonel Burgoyne

Gamel

Glover

\*Langton, M. P.

\*Luttrell

Northey

Riddle

Scott

Stanley

\*Wollaston

Rev. Dr. Phillott

Dr. \*Harington

Holman

Gibbes

Mapleton

\*Smith

Rev. Mr. Colston

Barter

Blakeney

\*Bowen

\*Bowles

Bunbury

Eyre

Rev. Mr. \*Gardiner

Graves

Knox

Maggs

\*Morgan

\*Morrhead

Oliver

Putt

Sloman

Smith

Stonehouse

Terret

Thomas

Townshend

Wake

Warner

Wilkins

Major Colston

Elford, M. P.

Hayne

Jephson

Miles

\*Robertson

Rofs

\*Smith

Captain Gray

Holwell



Captain Lee

Morley

Orange

Philip

Riddle

Trevor

Mr. Ahmuty

\* Allen

\* Attwood

Baker

Bamford

Barry Redmond

Barlow

Bayley N.

Billingsley

Bindley

Blane

Blunden

Bowsher

Bulley

Burgess

Bury

Byrne

Chambers

\* Chamness

Chivers

Mr. Clifford

Coles

Cooke

Cooke

Cookes

Cooper R.

Cooper E.

Coote

\*Cox

Croft

Crooke

Cubbin

Cure

Curtis

\*Dawson

Day

Deaves

Debbeig

D'Arcy

\*Dering

Dickinson, M. P.

Dillon

Donston

Edwards

Fitzherbert

Flemming

Mr. Forster

Frazer

\*Gartside

Gay

Gore

Grant

Hare

Haviland

Hawtrey

\*Hicks

Hobhouse

Hodges

Horton

\*Houlton

Howse

\*Huffler

James

Johnson

Johnston

Jones D.

\*Jones Parry

\*King, M. C.

Knox A.

Legge



Mr. \*Leflie  
 Lewis  
 \*Lewis Lloyd  
 Lewis R.  
 Losh  
 Lowder  
 Lowther Ponsonby  
 \*Lutwyche  
 Lyne  
 Lyon  
  
 \*Maddox  
 \*Mander  
 \*May  
 Mansfield  
 Mecann  
 Melvill F.  
 Melvill J.  
 Meyler  
 \*Molineux  
 \*Monkland  
 \*Mullins  
  
 Nooth  
  
 \*O'Donnel  
  
 Palmer J.  
 \*Palmer R.

Mr. Parker

Parker T. N.

Phillott Charles

Preston

Price

Pryce

\*Provis

Pye Bathurst

Quin

Randolph

Read, sen.

Read, jun.

Read T. jun.

\*Richards

Richardson

Rochfort

Roe

Roycroft

Rudge

Sabatier

\*Saltmarsh

\*Scrope

Sherston

Shirley

Smythe H.

\*Stephens

Mr. Still

Stowey

Symonds

Tisdall

Trafford

Trafford, junior

\*Trotman Fiennes

Traherne

Tugwell

Tyson, M. C.

\*Vassall

\*Vernon

Vincent

Walker

Walmley

Walters H.

\*Waters

Watts

West

Williams Hanbury

Wiltshire

Winstanley

Younge



PROFESSIONAL MEMBERS.

SOPRANO—{ 2 Master Perkins,  
2 Master Brown,  
Master Grey.

TENOR—{ Mr. Taylor,  
Mr. Ashley.

ALTO—{ Mr. Cooke,  
Mr. Hill.

BASSO—{ Mr. Ruffell,  
Mr. Williamson.

PIANO-FORTE—{ Mr. Perkins,  
Mr. Windfor.

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SECRETARY—Mr. R. Good.

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CANON, THREE VOICES.

W. BYRDE.

GRACE AFTER SUPPER.

NON NOBIS, DOMINE! SED NOMINI TUI  
DA GLORIAM.

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GLEES, &c.

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GLEE, FIVE VOICES.

CALCOT.

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**F**ATHER of Heroes! high dweller of eddying winds, where the dark-red thunder marks the troubled clouds! Open thou thy stormy halls.

Let the bards of old be near. We sit at the rock; but there is no voice, no light, but the meteor of fire.

O from the rock on the top of the windy steep!

O speak, ye ghosts of the dead! O whither are ye gone to rest? In what cave of the hill shall I find the departed? No feeble voice is on the gale; no answer half drown'd in the storm.

Father of Heroes! The people bend before thee: thou turnest the battle in the field of the brave: thy terrors pour the blast of death: the tempests are before thy face.

But thy dwelling is calm above the clouds: the fields of thy rest are pleasant.



## GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

J. HINDLE.

QUEEN of the silver bow! by thy pale beam,  
 Alone and pensive, I delight to stray,  
 And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,  
 Or mark the floating clouds that cross thy way.  
 Still while I gaze, thy mild and placid light  
 Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast;  
 And oft I think, fair planet of the night!  
 That in thy orb the wretched may have rest.  
 The sufferers of the earth, perhaps, may go,  
 Releas'd by death, to thy benignant sphere;  
 And the sad children of despair and woe  
 Forget in thee their cup of sorrow here.  
 O that I soon may reach thy world serene,  
 Poor wearied pilgrim in this toiling scene!

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GLEE, THREE VOICES.

CALCOT.

As I was going to Derby,  
 'Twas on a market-day,  
 I met with the finest ram, sir,  
 That ever was fed upon hay.  
 This ram was fat behind, sir,  
 This ram was fat before,  
 This ram was ten yards high, sir,  
 Indeed he was no more.

The butcher that kill'd this ram, fir,  
 Was up to his knees in blood;  
 The boy that held the pail, fir,  
 Was carried away by the flood.  
 The tail that grew upon his rump  
 Was ten yards and an ell,  
 And that was sent to Derby  
 To toll the market-bell.

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SERIOUS GLEE, THREE VOICES.

S. PAXTON.

TELL me, babbling Echo! why  
 You return me figh for figh;  
 When I of flighted love complain,  
 You delight to mock my pain.

Bold intruder! night and day,  
 Busy tell-tale! hence away:  
 Me and my cares in silence leave,  
 Come not near me whilst I grieve.

But if my love, in all her charms,  
 Return to blefs my longing arms,  
 I'll call thee from thy dark retreat  
 The joyful tidings to repeat.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

HIERONYMO CONVERSO, 1580.

WHEN all alone my pretty love was playing,  
And I saw Phoebus stand at a gaze staying,  
Alas! I fear'd there would be some betraying.

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GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

WEBBE.

SINCE Harmony deigns with her vot'ries to  
dwell,  
Exalt ev'ry voice, and each note loudly swell:  
Intreat her to visit us here ev'ry night,  
And thus by her presence infuse new delight.  
And since she such mirth and such pleasure can  
bring,  
Let us Iö Pæans repeatedly sing.

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GLEE, FIVE VOICES.

WORDS BY MILTON.

NOW the bright morning star, Day's harbinger,  
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her  
The flow'ry May, who, from her green lap, throws  
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.



GLEE, THREE VOICES.

M. ESTE. 1600.

HOW merrily we live that shepherds be,  
Roundelays still we sing with merry glee,  
On the pleasant downs, where as our flocks we see,  
We feel no cares, we fear not fortune's frowns;  
We have no envy, which sweet mirth confounds.

*Da Capo.*

---

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

An AIR of GEMINIANI's, harmonized by Dr. HAYES.

GENTLY touch the warbling lyre,  
Chloe seems inclin'd to rest;  
Fill her soul with fond desire,  
Softest notes will soothe her breast.  
Pleasing dreams assist in love,  
Let them all propitious prove.

---

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

WELCOME, the covert of these aged oaks;  
Welcome, each cavern of the horrid rocks;  
Far from the world's illusion let me rove,  
Deceiv'd in Friendship, and betray'd in Love.

## GLEE, THREE VOICES.

TRAVERS: WORDS BY PRIOR.

SOFT Cupid, wanton, am'rous boy,  
 The other day mov'd with my lyre,  
 In flatt'ring accents spoke his joy,  
 And utter'd thus his fond desire:

O raise thy voice! one song I ask,  
 Touch then th' harmonious string;  
 To Thyrsis easy is the task,  
 Who can so sweetly play and sing.

Two kisses, from my mother dear,  
 Thyrsis! thy due reward shall be;  
 None like Beauty's Queen is fair,  
 Paris has vouch'd this truth for me.

I strait reply'd, Thou know'st alone,  
 That brightest Chloe rules my breast;  
 I'll sing thee two instead of one,  
 If thou'lt be kind, and make me blest.

One kiss from Chloe's lips I crave,  
 He promis'd me success;  
 I play'd with all my skill and pow'r,  
 My glowing passions to express.

But O, my Chloe! beauteous maid!  
 Wilt thou the wish'd reward bestow?  
 Wilt thou make good what Love has said,  
 And by thy grant his pow'r shew?

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

T. BREWER, 1640.

TURN, Amarillis, to thy swain,  
Thy Damon calls thee back again—  
Here is a pretty arbour by,  
Where Apollo cannot spy;  
Here let's sit, and whilst I play,  
Sing to my pipe a roundelay.

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THE ANSWER TO "TURN, AMARILLIS."

PAXTON.

GO, Damon, go; thy Amarillis bids adieu!  
Go seek another love, but prove to her more true;  
No, I care not for your pretty arbour nigh,  
Altho' great Apollo cannot spy;  
Nor will I fit to hear you play,  
Nor tune my voice to your roundelay.

---

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DR. ROGERS.

COME, come, all noble souls, who, skill'd in  
music's art,  
Do join in this society, to bear a part;



For, in this pleasant grove, we'll sit, we'll drink,  
 and sing,  
 And imitate the chearful birds now in the spring,  
 The Muses nine shall know, and all most plainly  
 see,  
 Our off'ring at their shrine is Love and Harmony.

---

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

RAYENSCROFT, 1614.

WE be three poor Mariners, newly come from  
 the seas;  
 We spend our lives in jeopardy, while others live  
 at ease;  
 Shall we go dance the round, the round, the round,  
 And he that is a bully-boy,  
 Come pledge me on this ground, a ground, a  
 ground.

We care not for those martial men  
 That do our states disdain,  
 But we care for those merchantmen  
 That do our states maintain;  
 To them we dance this round, a round, a round,  
 And he that is a bully gay,  
 Come pledge me on this ground, a ground, a  
 ground.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

WEBBE.

SWIFTLY from the mountain's brow,  
 Shadows nurs'd by night retire;  
 And the peeping funbeams now  
 Paint with gold the village spire.  
 Sweet, O sweet, the warbling throng,  
 On the white emblossom'd spray;  
 Nature's universal song  
 Echoes to the rising day.

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ELEGY, FOUR VOICES.

On the DEATH of SHENSTONE. Dr. ARNE.

COME, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse,  
 We'll see our lov'd Corydon laid;  
 Tho' sorrow may blemish the verse,  
 Yet let the soft tribute be paid.

They call'd him the pride of the plain,  
 In sooth he was gentle and kind;  
 He mark'd, in his elegant strain,  
 The graces that glow'd in his mind.

No verdure shall cover the vale,  
 No bloom on the blossoms appear,  
 The sweets of the forest shall fail,  
 And winter discolour the year.

No birds in our hedges shall sing,  
Our hedges so vocal before,  
Since he that shou'd welcome the spring,  
Can hail the gay season no more.

---

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

THO. WHEELKS, 1600.

THE nightingale, the organ of delight,  
The nimble lark, the blackbird, and the thrush,  
And all the pretty choristers of flight,  
That chant their music notes on ev'ry bush:  
Let them no more contend who shall excell,  
The cuckoo is the bird that bears the bell.

---

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

LORD MORNINGTON.

HERE in cool grot and mossy cell,  
We rural fays and fairies dwell;  
Tho' rarely seen by mortal eye,  
When the pale moon, ascending high,  
Darts thro' yon limes her quiv'ring beams,  
We frisk it near these crystal streams.



Her beams, reflected from the wave,  
Afford the light our revels crave;  
The turf with daisies broider'd o'er  
Exceeds, we wot, the Parian floor.  
Not yet for artful strains we call,  
We listen to the water-fall.

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GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DANBY.

WHEN Sappho tun'd the raptur'd strain,  
The list'ning wretch forgot his pain;  
With art divine the lyre she strung,  
Like thee she play'd, like thee she sung:  
For when she struck the quiv'ring wire,  
The eager breast was all on fire;  
But when she tun'd the vocal lay,  
The captive soul was charm'd away.

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---

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

DR. COOKE.

HARK! the lark at Heav'n's gate sings,  
And Phœbus 'gins to rise,  
His steed to water at those springs  
On chalic'd flowers that lies.

And winking Mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes,  
With ev'ry thing that pretty bin,  
My lady sweet, arise.

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GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

WEBBE.

COME, live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove,  
That grove, and valley, hill and field,  
Or woods, and steepy mountains, yield;  
And I will make thee beds of roses,  
And twine a thousand fragrant posies;  
A cap of flow'rs and rural kirtle,  
Embroider'd all with leaves of mirtle;  
A belt of straw and ivy buds,  
A coral clasp and amber studs;  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Then live with me, and be my love.

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A N S W E R.

WEBBE.

IF Love and all the world were young,  
And truth in ev'ry shepherd's tongue;  
Thy fancied pleasures might me move,  
And I might listen to thy love:

But time drives flocks from field to fold,  
Then rivers rage, and hills grow cold;  
Then drooping Philomel is dumb,  
And age complains of cares to come.

Thy gowns, thy belts, thy beds of roses,  
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies;  
All these in me can nothing move,  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

If youth could last, and love still breed,  
Had joys no date, and age no need;  
Then these delights my mind might move,  
And I might listen to thy love.

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GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

WEBBE.

THE mighty Conqueror of Hearts,  
His power I here deny;  
With all his flames, his fires and darts,  
I champion-like defy.

I'll offer all my sacrifice  
Henceforth at Bacchus' shrine,  
The merry God ne'er tells us lies,  
There's no deceit in Wine.



GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

DR. ARNE AND JACKSON.

WHERE the bee sucks, there lurk I,  
In a cowslip's bell I lie:  
There I couch, when owls do cry.  
On a bat's back I do fly,  
After sun-set, merrily.  
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

All we fairies that do run,  
By the triple Hecate's beam,  
From the presence of the sun,  
Follow darkness as a dream.  
Over hill, over dale, thoro' bush, thoro' briar,  
Over park, over pale, thoro' flood, thoro' fire.  
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

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---

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

T. S. SMITH.

HARK! the hollow woods resounding,  
Echo to the hunter's cry,  
Hark how all the vales furrounding,  
To his cheering voice reply.

Now so swift o'er hills aspiring,  
 He pursues the gay delight,  
 Distant woods and vales, retiring,  
 Seem to vanish from his sight:

Flying still, and still pursuing,  
 See the fox, the hounds, the men;  
 Cunning cannot save from ruin,  
 Far from refuge, wood, and den.

Now they kill him, homeward hie them,  
 For a jovial night's repast;  
 Thus no sorrow e'er comes nigh them,  
 Health continues to the last.

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GLEE, THREE VOICES.

J. ECCLES.

INSPIRE us, genius of the day,  
 With an auspicious beam;  
 Join, all ye Muses, sing and play,  
 Thou world attend, due honours pay,  
 Thy guardian is our theme.

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GLEE, FIVE VOICES.

ORLANDO GIBBONS.

THE silver swan, who, living, had no note,  
 When death approach'd, unlock'd her silent throat,

Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,  
Thus sung her first and last, and sung no more:  
Farewell all joys! O Death, come close my eyes;  
More geese than swans now live, more fools than  
wife.

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MADRIGAL.

WILBYE.

FLORA gave me fairest flow'rs,  
None so fair in Flora's treasure;  
These I plac'd in Phillis' bow'rs,  
She was pleas'd, and she's my treasure.  
Smiling meadows seem'd to say,  
Come, ye wantons! here to play.

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GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DANBY.

FAIR Flora decks the flow'ry ground,  
And plants the bloom of May,  
While ev'ry hill and ev'ry vale  
Appear unusual gay.

The pretty warblers of the grove  
Assume their various notes,  
The echoing woods responsive found  
The music of their throats.



Lead on, my Celia, quit the town,  
And banish ev'ry care:  
O haste, my Celia! haste away,  
To breathe the rural air.

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GLEE, THREE VOICES.

LORD MORNINGTON.

GENTLY hear me, charming maid!  
Cupid! come and lend thine aid,  
Her heart to melt, my pain remove;  
Smile, Maria! say you love.  
On thy bosom let me lay,  
Sigh and gaze my soul away.

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GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

T. FORD, 1620.

SINCE first I saw your face,  
I resolv'd to honour and renown ye,  
If now I be disdain'd,  
I wish my heart had never known ye.  
What! I that lov'd, and you that lik'd,  
Shall we begin to wrangle?  
No, no! my heart is fast,  
And cannot disentangle.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

NICHOLAS FREEMAN, 1667.

OF all the brave birds that ever I see,  
The Owl is the fairest in her degree;  
For all the day long she sits on a tree,  
And when the night comes away flies she,  
Te-whit, Te-whoo! Sir Knave, to thee:  
This song is well sung I make you a vow,  
And he is a knave that drinketh now.  
Nose, nose, nose, and who gave thee that jolly  
red nose?  
Cinnamon and ginger, nutmegs and cloves,  
'Twas they that gave me this jolly red nose.

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GLEE, THREE VOICES.

J. S. SMITH.

LET us, my Lesbia, live and love,  
Nor cast a moment's thought away,  
Whether a peevish world approve,  
Or what they think, or what they say.  
The sun that sets shall rise again;  
But when our short-liv'd day is o'er,  
One long eternal night must reign,  
A lasting sleep to wake no more.  
Let us then live and love to-day,  
And kiss the fleeting hours away.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DR. HARINGTON.

NOW we're met like jovial fellows,  
Let us do as wise men tell us,  
Sing old Rose, and burn the Bellows.  
When the jowl with claret glows,  
And wisdom shines upon the nose,  
O then's the time to sing old Rose,  
And burn the Bellows.

---

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

DANBY.

AWAKE, Æolian Lyre, awake,  
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings ;  
From Helicon's harmonious springs  
A thousand rills their mazy progress take :  
The laughing flow'rs that round them blow,  
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.  
Now the rich stream of music winds along,  
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong ;  
Thro' verdant vales and Ceres' golden reign,  
Now rolling down the steep amain,  
Impetuous see it pour,  
The rocks and nodding groves  
Re-bellow to the roar.



## ELEGY, THREE VOICES.

DR. COOKE.

HOW sleep the brave, who sink to rest?  
 By all their country's wishes blest;  
 By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung.  
 There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,  
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay;  
 And Freedom shall awhile repair,  
 To dwell a weeping hermit there.  
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
 Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,  
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

## GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

J. S. SMITH.

WHILE fools their time in stormy strife employ,  
 Be our's engag'd in union, peace, and joy:  
 Thus the blest Gods the genial day prolong  
 In feasts ambrosial, and celestial song.  
 Apollo tunes the lyre, the Muses round,  
 With voice alternate aid the silver sound;  
 Wisely we imitate the Pow'rs Divine,  
 Peace at our heart, and pleasure our design.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

BAILDON.

WHEN gay Bacchus fills my breast,  
All my cares are lull'd to rest;  
Rich I seem, as Lydia's king,  
Merry catch or ballad sing :  
Ivy wreaths my temple shade,  
Ivy that will never fade.  
Thus I fit in mind elate,  
Laughing at the farce of state.  
Some delight in fighting fields,  
Nobler transports Bacchus yields:  
Fill, fill the bowl! I ever said,  
'Tis better to be drunk than dead.

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GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

PAXTON.

HOW sweet, how fresh this vernal day,  
How musical the air;  
Nature was never seen more gay,  
Were but my Silvia near.

Hush, wanton birds! your am'rous song  
Alarms my virgin breast;  
Retire, sweet whistling winds! begone,  
Retire, 'tis love's request.

MADRIGAL, FIVE VOICES.

T. MORLEY, 1595.

NOW is the month of Maying,  
When merry lads are playing,  
Fa la la;  
Each with his bonny las,  
Upon the greeny grafs,  
Fa la la,

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---

GLEE, FOUR VOICES,

DR. HAYES.

MELTING airs soft joys inspire,  
Airs for drooping hope to hear,  
Melting as a lover's pray'r,  
Joys to flatter dull despair,  
And softly sooth the am'rous fire.

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ELEGY, FOUR VOICES.

On the DEATH of the DUKE of CUMBERLAND.

NORRIS.

O'ER William's tomb, with silent grief oppress'd,  
Britannia mourns her Hero now at rest;  
Not tears alone, but praises too she gives,  
Due to the guardian of our laws and lives.  
Nor shall that laurel ever fade with years,  
Whose leaves are water'd with a nation's tears.



GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

J. S. SMITH.

RETURN blest days, return ye laughing hours,  
 Which led me up the roseate steep of youth,  
 Which strew'd my simple path with vernal flow'rs,  
 And bid me court chaste science and fair truth;  
 Witness ye winged daughters of the year,  
 If e'er a sigh had learnt to heave my breast,  
 If e'er my cheek was conscious of a tear,  
 Till Cynthia came and robb'd my soul of rest:  
 So soft, so delicate, so sweet, she came,  
 Youth's damask glow just dawning on her  
 cheek,  
 I gaz'd, I sigh'd, I caught the flame,  
 Felt the fond pang, and droop'd with passion  
 weak.

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GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

WEBBE.

NOW I'm prepar'd to meet th' enchanting scene,  
 This is the hour the happy guests convene;  
 Welcome this kind release from care,  
 What can to social joys compare?  
 With wine and songs the jovial night shall pass,  
 Till morning darts his rays into my glass;  
 When vine-crown'd Bacchus leads the way,  
 What can his votaries dismay?

GLEE, FIVE VOICES.

WEBBE.

YOU gave me your heart t'other day,  
I thought it as safe as my own;  
I've not lost it, but what can I say?  
Not your heart from mine can be known.

---

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

BROOKS.

O'ER the smooth enamell'd green,  
Where no print of step hath been,  
Follow me and sing,  
And touch the warbled string,  
Under this shady roof,  
Of branching elm star proof,  
And I will bring you where she sits,  
Clad in splendour, as befits  
Her deity: such a rural queen,  
All Arcadia hath not seen.

---

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

WEBBE.

GREAT Apollo! strike the lyre,  
Fill the raptur'd soul with fire;  
Let the festive song go round,  
Let this night with joy be crown'd.

Hark! what numbers, soft and clear,  
Steal upon the ravish'd ear,  
Sure no mortal sweeps the strings!  
Listen: 'tis Apollo sings.

---

GLEE, FOUR VOICES,

J. S. SMITH.

THE HUNTSMAN'S ROUNDELAY.

WHAT shall he have that kill'd the deer?  
His leathern skin and horns to wear.  
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,  
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.  
Take you no scorn to wear a horn,  
It was a crest ere thou wast born:  
Thy father's father bore it,  
And thy father wore it;  
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,  
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

---

CHEERFUL GLEE, THREE VOICES.

CALCOT,

WHEN Arthur first in Court began  
To wear long hanging sleeves,  
He entertain'd three serving men,  
And all of them were thieves.



The first he was an Irishman,  
 The second was a Scot,  
 The third he was a Welchman,  
 And all were knaves, I wot.  
 The Irishman lov'd usquebaugh,  
 The Scot lov'd ale call'd blue-cap,  
 The Welchman he lov'd toasted cheese,  
 And made his mouth like a mouse-trap.  
 Usquebaugh burnt the Irishman,  
 The Scot was drown'd in ale,  
 The Welchman had like to be choak'd with a mouse,  
 But he pull'd her out by the tail.

---

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

WEBBE.

GLORIOUS Apollo from on high beheld us,  
 Wand'ring to find a temple for his praise,  
 Sent Polyhymnia hither to shield us,  
 While we ourselves such a structure might raise.  
 Thus then combining, hands and hearts joining,  
 Sing we in harmony, Apollo's praise.  
 Here ev'ry gen'rous sentiment awaking,  
 Music inspiring unity and joy;  
 Each social pleasure giving and partaking,  
 Glee and good-humour our hours employ.  
 Thus then combining, &c.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

CALCOT.

PEACE to the souls of the Heroes; their  
deeds were great in fight; let them ride around  
me on clouds; let them shew their features in war.  
My soul, then, shall be firm in danger, and mine  
arm like the thunder of heav'n. But be thou  
on a moon-beam, O Morna, near the window of  
my rest; when my thoughts are of peace, when  
the din of arms is past.

---

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

ATTERBURY.

COME, let us all a Maying go,  
And lightly trip it to and fro;  
The bells shall ring,  
And the cuckoo sing;  
The drums shall beat, and the fifes shall play,  
And so we'll pass our time away.

---

GLEE, FIVE VOICES.

DR. HARINGTON.

HOW happy, how joyous are we,  
None are more innocent, merry, or free:  
The day has no sorrow, the night has no care,  
We laugh, and we love, and we banish despair.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DR. WILSON, 1667.

FROM the fair Lavinian shore,  
I your markets come to store;  
Muse not though so far I dwell,  
And my wares come here to sell,

Such is the sacred hunger of gold:  
Then come to my pack,  
Whilst I cry, What d' y' lack?  
What d' y' buy? for here it is to be fold.

I have beauty, honour, grace,  
Fortune, favour, time, and place,  
And what else thou wouldst request,  
Ev'n the thing thou likest best.

First let's have but a touch of your gold,  
Then come to me, lad,  
Thou shalt have what thy dad  
Never gave, for here it is to be fold.

Madam, come see what you lack,  
I've complexion in my pack,  
White and red you may have in this place,  
To hide your old and wrinkled face.

First let me have but a touch of your gold,  
Then thou shalt seem  
Like a wench of fifteen,  
Although you be threescore and ten years old.



CANON, THREE IN ONE.

DR. HARINGTON.

I gave her cakes, and I gave her ale,  
 I gave her sack and sherry,  
 And Peggy grew merry, grew wonderful merry;  
 I pledg'd her twice, and she pledg'd me thrice,  
 And at last we both were merry.  
 She prattled and rattled, her little tongue never  
 was weary,  
 I gave her cakes, and I gave her ale,  
 And I thought she wou'd never been weary.

---

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GLEE, THREE VOICES.

CALCOT.

WHILE the moon-beams all bright give a lustre  
 to night,  
 I'll weep on his dwelling so narrow;  
 And high o'er his grave the willow-trees wave,  
 Who died on the Banks of the Yarrow.

'Twas under this shade, hand in hand as we stray'd,  
 He fell by the flight of an arrow,  
 And fast from the wound his blood stain'd the  
 ground,  
 Who died on the banks of the Yarrow.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

HARMONIZED BY DR. HARINGTON.

IANTHE, the lovely, the joy of her swain,  
By Iphis was lov'd, and lov'd Iphis again;  
She liv'd in the youth, and the youth in the fair,  
Their pleasure was equal, and equal their care.  
No time, no enjoyment, their dotage withdrew,  
But the longer they liv'd still the fonder they grew.

A passion so happy, alarm'd all the plain,  
Some envy'd the nymph, but more envy'd the  
swain;  
Some said 'twas a pity their love to invade,  
That lovers alone for each other were made:  
But all, all consented, that none ever knew,  
A fair one so kind, or a shepherd so true.

---

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DR. HARINGTON.

SUCCESS to our innocent social delight,  
May the Muses and Graces attend us each night!  
Let Friendship and Harmony ever abound,  
And discord alone in our music be found:  
Let the song and the glass go about, go about,  
And another succeed to the bottle that's out.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

PAXTON.

BELIEVE my sighs, my tears, my dear,  
 Relieve the heart you 've won;  
 Believe my vows to you sincere,  
 Or, Moggy, I'm undone.

You say I'm fickle, and apt to change  
 At every face that's new,  
 But of all the girls I ever saw,  
 I ne'er lov'd one like you.

My heart was but a lump of ice,  
 Till warm'd by your bright eyes,  
 But ah! they kindled in a trice  
 A flame which never dies.

Come, take me, try me, and you'll find,  
 Tho' you say I'm not true,  
 Of all the girls I ever saw,  
 I ne'er lov'd one but you.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

DANBY.

NOR blazing gems, nor filken sheen,  
 Bespeak the wearer's heart serene;  
 Nor purple robe, nor tiffued vest,  
 Proclaim the calm unruffled breast.



The crimfon mantle and the jewell'd crown,  
 Fair peace forfakes, well pleas'd to own  
 The fhepherd's garb and ruffet gown.  
 Sweet Peace forfakes the crouded ftreet,  
 And fhelters in the calm retreat,  
 With folitude the charmer dwells,  
 Midft rural meads and flow'ry dells;  
 She fhuns the coftly feaft, and rare,  
 Contented with the fhepherd's fare.  
 She fcorns the roofs where nobles dwell,  
 And feeks the ruftic's humbler cell;  
 She flights the mifer's glitt'ring hoard,  
 The joys of wine and plenteous board;  
 Fair virtue's livery fhe wears,  
 And all the joys of life are her's.

---

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

CALCOT

YE Gentlemen of England  
 Who live at home at eafe,  
 Ah little do you think upon  
 The dangers of the feas.  
 Give ear unto the mariners,  
 And they will plainly fhew,  
 All the cares and the fears,  
 When the ftormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us,  
 When England is at wars  
 With any foreign nations,  
 We fear not wounds or scars.  
 Our roaring guns shall teach them  
 Our valour for to know,  
 Whilst they reel on the keel,  
 When the stormy winds do blow.

Then, courage, all brave mariners,  
 And never be dismay'd,  
 Whilst we are bold adventurers,  
 We ne'er shall want a trade.  
 Our Merchants will employ us,  
 To fetch them wealth we know:  
 Then be bold, work for gold,  
 When the stormy winds do blow.

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GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DR. HARINGTON.

THE BATH TOAST.

TO Delia fill the sprightly wine,  
 The health's engaging and divine;  
 O'er ev'ry heart this toast shall reign,  
 Whose eyes out-sparkle bright Champaign.

Let purest odours scent the air,  
And wreaths of roses bind our hair;  
In her chaste lips these blushing lie,  
And those her gentle sighs supply.

---

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

ODE FOR THE LORD-MAYOR'S FEAST.

DR. HARINGTON.

HOW wretched those who tasteless live,  
And say this world no joys can give,  
Why tempts yon turtle sprawling?  
Why smokes the glorious haunch?  
Are these not joys still calling  
To bless our mortal paunch?  
O, 'tis merry in the Hall,  
When the beards wag all;  
What a noise, and what a din!  
How they glitter round the chin;  
Give me fowl, give me fish,  
Give me some of that nice dish;  
Cut me this, cut me that,  
Send me crust, and send me fat;  
More fat, more fat!  
Some for tit-bits pulling, hawling,  
Legs, wings, breast, head;  
Some for liquors scolding, bawling,  
Hock, port, white, red:



Here 'tis cramming, cutting, flashing,  
There the grease and gravy splashing:

Look, fir! what you've done—

Zounds! fir, you've cut off the Alderman's thumb;

O, my thumb, my thumb!

Zounds! fir, you've cut off the Alderman's thumb.

O, 'tis merry in the Hall!

---

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DR. HARINGTON.

THE MYNSTRELL's SONG IN ROWLIE's POEMS. 1460.

O syng unto my roundelaie,

O droppe the brynne teare wyth mee;

Daunce ne moo atte halliedaie,

Lyke a runnyng ryver bee;

Mie love ys dedde, gon to his dethe bedde,

All under the willowe tree.

---

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

PAXTON.

GREAT Father Bacchus! to my song repair,

For clust'ring grapes are thy peculiar care;

For thee large bunches load the bending vine,

And the last blessings of the year are thine.

To thee, his joys the jolly Autumn owes,  
When the fermenting juice the vat o'erflows:  
Come, Bacchus, come, we'll strip, and drench all o'er  
Our limbs in seas of wine, and drink at ev'ry pore.

---

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DR. HARINGTON.

ON A MUSICIAN'S TOMB.

O Thou, whose notes cou'd oft remove  
The pangs of woe or hapless love!  
Rest here, distress'd by cares no more,  
And taste such calm thou gav'st before.  
Sleep, undisturb'd, within thy peaceful shrine,  
'Till angels wake thee with such notes as thine.

---

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DR. WAINWRIGHT.

Life's a bumper, fill'd by fate,  
Let us guests enjoy the treat;  
Nor like silly mortals pass  
Life as 'twere but half a glass;  
Let this scene with joy be crown'd,  
Let the Glee and Catch go round;  
All the sweets of life combine,  
Mirth and Music, Love and Wine.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

HOOK.

SINCE life's a jest, we'll jest at life,  
And make a jest at sorrow,  
For why should we, 'gainst life's decree,  
Be thoughtful of to-morrow?

At jests we laugh, then laugh at life,  
For life is but a jest;  
And he who loves and laughs the most,  
Is he who lives the best. *Da Capo.*

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

PAXTON.

AH! sweetest Anna, why do tears  
Drown roses on thy cheek?  
Sorrow will beauty spoil like years,  
Then cease thy tears, and speak.

He's gone, and willows round my brow,  
Shall twine their mournful leaves,  
Shall Anna then wear willows, now  
Her faithful William lives?

Then tear off the willows, for see o'er the billows,  
With streamers all flying thy William advance;  
Leave fighting and dying, his colours are flying,  
For laurels he wears in defiance of France.



GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

PAXTON.

GO, burning sighs, some kindred heat impart  
To fair Matilda's cold and frozen heart;  
Celestial Venus! aid a suppliant swain,  
Nor let him longer sigh in vain.

Be hush'd, my sorrows; cease, my tears;  
Behold the blue-ey'd nymph appears:  
Hence sighs and sadness far away,  
For see, she smiles, and bids the world be gay.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

ECCLES.

WINE does wonders ev'ry day,  
Makes the heavy light and gay,  
Throws of all their melancholy;  
Makes the wisest go astray,  
And the busy toy and play,  
And the poor and needy jolly.

Wine makes trembling cowards bold,  
Men in years forget they're old;  
Women leave their coy disdaining,  
Who, till then, were shy and cold;  
Makes the miser slight his gold,  
And the foppish entertaining,

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

PAXTON.

MAJESTIC, lo! yon setting Sun  
 In beauteous pomp declines;  
 See how the West with crimson glows,  
 Streak'd with refulgent lines.  
 Behold! how nature to its rest  
 Each being seems t' invite;  
 The Nightingale's melodious song,  
 Sweet song, proclaims the night.

---

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

ATTERBURY.

BEGONE, dull Care, without delay,  
 To gloomy desarts haste away;  
 Hither haste, ye sons of Pleasure,  
 Joy here knows nor bound, nor measure.  
 Banish care and drowsy thinking,  
 Now's the reign of Love and Drinking.

---

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

SHIELD.

HOW shall we mortals spend our hours?  
 In love, in war, in drinking:  
 None but a fool consumes his pow'rs  
 In peace, in care, and thinking.

Time, wou'd you let him wisely pass,  
Is lively, brisk, and jolly;  
Dip but his wings in the sparking glass,  
And he'll drown dull melancholy.

---

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DYNE.

FILL the bowl with rosy Wine,  
Around our temples roses twine;  
And let us cheerfully awhile,  
Like the wine and roses smile.  
To-day is our's, what do we fear?  
To-day is our's, we have it here;  
Let's treat it kindly, that it may  
Wish, at least, with us to stay.  
Let's banish care, let's banish sorrow,  
To the Gods belongs to-morrow.

---

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

SUNG ON THE DEATH OF A MEMBER.

CALCOT.

FORGIVE, blest shade, the tributary tear,  
That mourns thy exit from a world like this;  
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,  
And stay'd thy progress to the seats of bliss.



No more confin'd to grov'ling scenes of night,  
 No more a tenant pent in mortal clay;  
 Now should we rather hail thy glorious flight,  
 And trace thy journey to the realms of day.

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GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

L. ATTERBURY.

COME, fill the board with gen'rous wine,  
 And let's regale at Bacchus' shrine;  
 With Harmony and Friendship crown'd,  
 Let's push the bottle swiftly round.  
 A sentiment, my friends, let's give:  
 May we enjoy the days we live!  
 Fill, fill, with gen'rous wine.

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GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

DANBY.

COME, ye party jangling fwains.  
 Leave your flocks and quit the plains,  
 Friends to country, friends to court,  
 Nothing here shall spoil your sport.  
 Ever welcome to our feast,  
 Welcome ev'ry friendly guest.

Sprightly widows come away,  
 Laughing dames, and virgins gay;  
 Little gaudy flutt'ring misses,  
 Smiling hopes of future blisses.  
 Ever welcome &c.

All that rip'ning sun can bring,  
 Beauteous summer, beauteous spring;  
 In one varying scene we show  
 The green, the ripe, the bud, the blow.  
 Ever welcome &c.

Comus jesting, Music charming,  
 Wine inspiring, Beauty warming,  
 Rage and Party Malice dies,  
 Peace returns, and Discord flies,  
 Ever welcome &c.

---

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

WEBBE.

TO me the wanton girls insulting say,  
 Here in this glass thy fading bloom survey,  
 Just on the verge of life, 'tis equal quite  
 Whether my locks are black or silver white.  
 Roses around my fragrant brows I'll twine,  
 And dissipate anxieties in Wine.

GLEE, FIVE VOICES.

WEBBE.

LET the sage Hermit shun mankind,  
 Let the dull Miser hoard his gold,  
 Let Chloe's charms poor Strephon blind,  
 Let treach'rous friends be bought and sold.  
 Be mine, amidst the social band,  
 The raptures of Champagne to taste;  
 Whose vig'rous juice new relish gives  
 To mutual converse, reason's feast.  
 Whilst old Anacreon seems to rise and say,  
 Begone, ye toils of life, ye busy cares, away!

---

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

LORD MORNINGTON.

MARK! mortals, mark! with awe profound  
 What solemn stillness reigns around;  
 Know, then, though strange it may appear,  
 Spirits, spirits, inhabit here.  
 Whene'er we leave the circled green,  
 We Fairies chuse this shady scene;  
 Though mortal hands have form'd these bow'rs,  
 Yet is the sweet retirement our's:  
 For here, when as the pallid moon,  
 Riding at her highest noon,  
 Edging the clouds with silver white,  
 Darts through these shades a chequer'd light;



Here when we cease our airy sport,  
 We range our bands and form our court.  
 Our royal throne, exalted high,  
 Unseen by feeble mortal eye,  
 Though spangled with ten thousand dews,  
 Though colour'd with ten thousand hues,  
 Approach not with unhallow'd hands!  
 Beneath yon tall Laburnum stands.  
 Then enter here with guiltless mind,  
 Spurn each vile passion far behind:  
 Hence Envy with her pining train,  
 And venal Love of fardid gain;  
 Hence Malice rankling at the heart,  
 And dire Revenge with poison'd dart;  
 Hence Lust with fly uneven mien,  
 That through the twilight creeps unseen;  
 Hence Vice! avoid this arching grove,  
 Pollution follows where you move.  
 Hence, nor near the spot be found,  
 Hence! avaunt! 'tis holy ground.

---

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

CALCOT.

YE distant spires, ye antique tow'rs,  
 That crown the watry glade,  
 Where grateful science still adores  
 Her Henry's holy shade;

And ye, that from the stately brow  
Of Windsor's heights, th' expanse below  
Of grove, of lawn, of mead, survey,  
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flow'rs among,  
Wanders the hoary Thames along  
His silver winding way.

Ah! happy hills, ah! pleasing shade,  
Ah! fields belov'd in vain,  
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,  
A stranger yet to pain!  
I feel the gales that from ye blow,  
A momentary bliss bestow,  
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,  
My weary soul they seem to soothe;  
And, redolent of joy and youth,  
To breathe a second spring.

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GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

L. ATTERBURY.

OH! thou sweet bird, that sits on some lone spray,  
Unseen, amid yon solitary grove;  
Fly to my Love, and sing thy little lay,  
For lays like thine the hardest heart can move.  
Sing till around her soft-ey'd Pity play,  
And one responsive sigh breathe sympathizing love.

## GLÉE, THREE AND FIVE VOICES.

J. S. SMITH.

WHEN to the Muses' haunted hill,  
 Their laurel groves, and that pure rill  
 Which poets drink, of old drew nigh  
 The Goddess of the azure eye,  
 To welcome her th' immortal Choir  
 Uprais'd the Voice, and struck the Lyre;  
 The pow'rs of heav'nly sound were all display'd,  
 To greet, with honour due, the fire-born maid:  
 First in responsive Fugue was shown  
 The energy of artful Song;  
 Then closing full in richer tone,  
 Slow Modulation march'd along.  
 'Twas then in union, three times three,  
 They sang their first celestial Glee;  
 Sometimes with luxuriant airs,  
 Or singing singly, or in pairs,  
 They wanton'd in the wilds of sound,  
 And last with symphony compleat,  
 Though full and strong divinely sweet,  
 They made their notes from Pindus' rocks rebound.  
 Shall Wisdom only claim the lay?  
     To Beauty too  
     The song is due,  
 And ev'ry tribute Harmony can pay.  
 Inspir'd by that celestial throng,  
 The festive strain we'll lead along,  
 To welcome Beauty to the seats of song.



## GLEE, THREE VOICES.

JACKSON.

IN a vale clos'd with woodlands, where grottoes  
 abound,  
 Where rivulets murmur, and echoes resound;  
 I vow'd to the Muses my time and my care,  
 Since neither could win me the smiles of my fair.  
 As Freedom inspir'd me, I rang'd and I sung,  
 And Daphne's dear name never fell from my  
 tongue;  
 But if a smooth accent delighted my ear,  
 I shou'd with unawares that my Daphne might hear.  
 With fairest ideas my bosom I stor'd,  
 To drive from my heart the fair nymph I ador'd;  
 But the more I with study my fancy refin'd,  
 The deeper impressiion she made on my mind.  
 Ah! whilst I the beauties of nature pursue,  
 I still must my Daphne's fair image renew;  
 The Graces have chosen with Daphne to rove,  
 And the Muses are all in alliance with Love.

## GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

STEPHENSON.

SEE, beneath yon bower of roses,  
 Sweetly sleeps the heav'nly maid;  
 'Tis my gentle Love reposes,  
 Softly tread the sacred shade.

Mark the Loves that play around her,  
 Mark my Ella's graceful mein,  
 See the Wood-nymphs all furround her,  
 Hailing Ella Beauty's Queen.

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GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

STEPHENSON.

WHEN Damon is present, how fleeting the hours,  
 All silver'd with love they glide softly away:  
 Ah! tell me how is it, O say, ye wing'd pow'rs!  
 Is Time in a hurry on my happy day.  
 Scarce had the fond shepherd his passion reveal'd,  
 When looking around we perceive it is Noon;  
 My wishes, my sighs, are still struggling conceal'd,  
 'Tis Evening, ah! why does the day close so soon?

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---

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

BROOKS.

SWEET Contentment, no repentment,  
 In our rural cot resides;  
 Budding roses, fragrant posies,  
 Such delight with us abides.  
 With modest look, from nature's book,  
 Artless, simple, blythe, and gay;  
 Singing, dancing, harmless prancing,  
 So we pass our time away.

From envy free, so blest are we,  
 Each hour gently glides along;  
 Sweet intreating, oft repeating,  
 In the merry dance and song.  
 Here then retire, with us admire  
 Rustic scenes so blythe and gay;  
 Sweet the pleasure, great the treasure,  
 Come then, pass your time away.

---

## GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

DR. ARNE, HARMONIZED BY BROOKS.

WHEN forc'd from my Hebe to go,  
 What anguish I felt at my heart!  
 Yet I thought—but it might not be so—  
 She was sorry to see me depart.  
 She cast such a languishing view,  
 My path I could scarcely discern;  
 So sweetly she bade me adieu,  
 I thought that she bade me return.  
 Methinks she might like to retire  
 To the grove I had labour'd to rear,  
 For whatever I heard her admire,  
 I hasted and planted it there.  
 Her voice such a pleasure conveys,  
 So much I her accents adore;  
 Let her speak, and whatever she says,  
 I'm sure still to love her the more.



GLEE, THREE VOICES.

BROOKS.

THROUGH verdant plains and flow'ry fields,  
Where Nature all her sweetness yields,  
Our fleecy flock that fain would stray,  
We watch with pleasing care each day,  
While pipe and flute, in merry glee,  
Sound notes of sweetest melody.

At close of day, when labour's o'er,  
Our Evening joys return once more;  
Each lad and lass, of sprightly mein,  
With cheerful looks trip o'er the green,  
While pipe and flute, &c.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DR. HARINGTON.

THE Rose's life is one short day,  
Her blossoms pledge her sure decay,  
In fragrance sweet, with beauty bright,  
She blooms at morn, but fades at night.

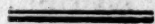
Like Thee, proud Beauty finds no stay,  
How fly those sweets, ye vainly trust,  
Her roses bloom to waste away;  
When cropt by death, and lost in dust.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

BROOKS.

HE that loves a rosy cheek,  
Or doth coral lips admire,  
Or from star-like eyes doth seek  
Fuel to maintain his fire;  
As old Time makes these decay,  
So his flame must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,  
Gentle thoughts, and calm desire,  
Hearts with equal love combin'd,  
Kindle never-dying fire;  
Where these are not, I despise  
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.



GLEE, THREE VOICES.

BROOKS.

LET us drink, the glasses fill,  
Let us quaff the stream divine,  
Fill the glasses, name the toast, boys!  
Drink, then, drink, your rosy Wine!  
Name the toast, then: Here's to Love!  
All to Love a bumper fill;  
Here's to Music! fill again, boys!  
Never let the glass stand still.

Come, once more, then, Here's to Wine, boys!  
 Every pleasure now combine,  
 Fill again, we'll drink all three, boys!  
 Here's to Music, Love, and Wine.

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DUET.

S. GOODWIN.

COULD a man be secure, that his Life wou'd  
 endure,  
 As of old, for a thousand long years,  
 What arts might he know,  
 What acts might he do,  
 And all without hurry or cares.  
 But we that have but span-long live,  
 The thicker must lay on the pleasure,  
 And since Time will not stay,  
 We'll add the Night unto the Day,  
 And thus we'll fill the measure.

---

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GLEE, FIVE VOICES.

DR. HARINGTON.

HOW happy, how joyous, how happy are we,  
 None, none, are so innocent, merry, or free;  
 The day has no sorrow, the night has no care,  
 We laugh, and we love, and we banish despair.



ROUND, THREE VOICES.

DR. HARINGTON.

OH that I had wings like a dove! then would  
I flee away, and be at rest.

---

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CATCH, THREE VOICES.

DR. HARINGTON.

GIVE me the sweet delights of Love,  
Let not anxious Care destroy them:  
Oh! how divine, still to enjoy them!  
Pure are the blessings Love bestowing,  
Peace and Harmony ever flowing,  
A smoaky house, a failing trade,  
Six squalling brats, and a scolding jade.

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EGYPTIAN LOVE-SONG, TWO VOICES.

DR. HARINGTON.

SWEET doth blush the rosy Morning,  
Sweet doth beam the glistening dew,  
Sweeter still, the Day adorning,  
Thy dear smiles transport my view.  
Midst the blossom's fragrance flowing,  
Why delights the honied bee?  
Sweeter breathe thyself, bestowing,  
One kind kiss on me, on me!

DUET.

DR. HARINGTON.

HOW sweet in the Woodlands, with fleet hound  
and horn,  
To waken shrill Echo, and taste the fresh morn!  
But hard is the chace my fond heart must pursue,  
For Daphne, fair Dapne, is lost to my view.

Assist me, chaste Dian, the Nymph to regain,  
More wild than the roebuck, and wing'd with  
disdain;  
In pity o'ertake her, who wounds as she flies,  
Tho' Daphne's pursu'd, 'tis Myrtillo that dies.

---

---

TRIO.

DR. HARINGTON.

LIFE's short moments still are wasting,  
Sorrow's streams around us flow;  
Few delights are worth the tasting,  
Vain the fleeting joys we know.

Soon each fancy'd bliss is ending,  
Hope deceives, and Fear alarms;  
Subtle snares on Youth attending,  
Age on Beauty's boasted charms.

CATCH, THREE VOICES.

DR. HARRINGTON.

HOW great is the pleasure, how sweet the de-  
light,  
When soft Love and Music together unite.

---

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DR. HARRINGTON.

AT the close of the day, as we drive to the fold,  
Oh, how sweet are the cries of the young and  
the old;  
Baa! Baa! sweet the bleating of our fold:  
On the smooth-nibbl'd lawn, how they frolick,  
how they play,  
To the merry, merry pipe, how they wanton out  
the day,  
With our pretty, pretty lambkins, how happy,  
happy, we,  
Such sounds to hear, such sports to see.

---

TRIO.

JUDAS MACCABEUS.

HANDEL.

DISDAINFUL of danger, we'll rush on the foe,  
That thy pow'r, O, Jehovah! all nations may  
know.



QUARTETTO.

JACKSON.

GO, gentle gales! and bear my sighs away,  
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey;  
As some sad Turtle his lost Love deplores,  
And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores,  
Thus far from Delia to the woods I mourn,  
Alike unheard, unpitied, and forlorn.

Go, gentle gales! and bear my sighs away,  
Come, Delia, come, ah! why this long delay?  
Ye flow'rs, that droop, forsaken by the Spring;  
Ye birds, that left by Summer, cease to sing;  
Ye trees, that fade, when autumn heats remove;  
Say, is not Absence death to those that love?

---

QUARTETTO.

JACKSON, FROM A SONG OF DR. GREEN.

GO, Rose, my Chloe's bosom grace;  
How happy should I prove,  
Might I supply that envy'd place,  
With never-fading Love!  
There, Phoenix like, beneath her eye,  
Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die.

Know, hapless flow'r! that thou shalt find  
 More fragrant Roses there;  
 I see thy with'ring head reclin'd  
 With envy and despair!  
 One common fate we both must prove;  
 You die with Envy, I with Love.

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QUARTETTO.

JACKSON, FROM A SONG OF DR. ARNE.

BEHOLD the sweet flowers around,  
 With all the bright beauties they wear,  
 Yet none on the plain can be found  
 So lovely as Celia is fair.  
 Ye warblers, come raise your sweet throats,  
 No longer in silence remain,  
 O lend a fond lover your notes  
 To soften my Celia's disdain!

Oft-times in yon flowery vale,  
 I breathe my complaints in a song,  
 Fair Flora attends the soft tale,  
 And sweetens the borders along.  
 But Celia, whose breath might perfume  
 The bosom of Flora in May,  
 Still frowning, pronounces my doom,  
 Regardless of all I can say.

ELEGY, THREE VOICES.

JACKSON.

YE woods and ye mountains unknown,  
 Beneath whose dark shadows I stray,  
 To the breast of my charmer alone,  
 These sighs bid sweet Echo convey.  
 Wherever he pensively leans,  
 By fountain, on hill, or in grove,  
 His heart will explain what she means,  
 Who sighs both from sorrow and love.

More soft than the Nightingale's song,  
 O waft the sad sound to his ear,  
 And say, though divided so long,  
 The friend of his bosom is near.  
 Then tell him what years of delight,  
 Then tell him what ages of pain,  
 I felt while I liv'd in his sight,  
 I feel—till I see him again.

---

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

STEPHENS, WORDS BY SHAKESPEARE.

YE spotted snakes with double tongue,  
 Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;  
 Newts and blind worms, do no wrong,  
 Come not near our Fairy Queen.



Philomel, with melody,  
Sing in your sweet lullaby;  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:  
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,  
Come our lovely lady nigh,  
So good-night with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here,  
Hence, ye long-legg'd spinners, hence;  
Beetles black, approach not here,  
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.  
Philomel, with melody,  
Sing in your sweet lullaby.

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GLEE, FIVE VOICES.  
STEPHENS.

O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?  
O stay and hear—your true Love's coming,  
Who can sing both high and low;  
Trip no further, pretty Sweeting,  
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,  
Ev'ry wise man's son doth know.

What is Love? 'tis not hereafter:  
Present mirth has present laughter;  
What's to come is still unsure;  
In delay there lies no plenty:  
Then don't leave me, sweet and twenty,  
Youth's a season won't endure.

CATCH, THREE VOICES.

C. KING.

O Abfalom! my fon, my fon!  
Would to God I had died for thee, my fon!

---

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

LINLEY.

A Bumper of good liquor  
Will end a contest quicker,  
Than Justice, Judge, or Vicar—  
So fill each cheerful glafs;  
But if more deep the quarrel,  
Why fooner drain the barrel,  
Than be that hateful fellow,  
That's crabbed when he's mellow.

---

CATCH, THREE VOICES.

C. JENNER, M.A.

ANCIENT Phillis has new graces,  
'Tis a ftrange thing, but a true one:  
Shall I tell you, tell you how?  
She herfelf makes her own faces,  
And each morn fhe wears a new one:  
Pray then where's the wonder now?

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

HOOK.

WITH horns and hounds in chorus,  
 Let's usher in the day,  
 The sport's exceeding glorious,  
 Arise! make no delay.  
 Now the stag is rous'd before us,  
 Come away, come away.

*Da Capo.*

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

W. LAWES, 1673.

GATHER your Rosebuds while you may,  
 Old Time is ever flying,  
 And that same flow'r which smiles to-day,  
 To-morrow may be dying.

That age is best which is the first,  
 While youth and blood are warmer;  
 Do not expect the last and worst,  
 Till you've enjoy'd the former.

Then be not coy, nor waste your time,  
 But while you're young go marry;  
 For having once got past your prime,  
 You may for ever tarry.



GLEE, THREE VOICES.

T. AYLWARD.

A cruel fate hangs threat'ning o'er  
The lovely Shepherd I adore;  
Ye streams, ye know it, yet pursue your ways,  
Ye Nightingales, yet tune your warbling lays.  
Ye, who alone were conscious of our love,  
Cease, birds, your notes; ye rivers, cease to move.

---

---

DUET.

J. TRAVERS.

WHEN Bibbo thought fit from the world to retreat,  
As full of Champaign as an egg's full of meat,  
He wak'd in the boat, and to Charon he said,  
He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.  
Trim the boat and sit quiet, stern Charon replied,  
You may have forgot, you were drunk when  
you died.

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---

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

FROM JACK OF NEWBURY.

HOOK.

IF Delights were only giv'n,  
Grief no more an earthly guest,  
Mortals then would lack a heav'n,  
Life wou'd lose its keenest zest.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

TWEED SIDE.

CORFE.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose,  
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!  
 Yet Mary, still sweeter than these,  
 Both nature and fancy exceed.  
 No daisy, nor sweet-blushing rose,  
 Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field;  
 Not Tweed gliding gently through those,  
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

'Tis she does the Virgins excel,  
 No beauty with her may compare,  
 Love's graces around her do dwell,  
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.  
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray,  
 Oh! tell me at noon where they feed,  
 Shall I seek them on sweet-winding Tay,  
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

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GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

CORFE.

DE'IL tak the wars that hurried Willy from me,  
 Who to love me just had sworn,  
 They made him Captain sure to undo me,  
 Woe is me! he'll ne'er return.

A thousand loons abroad will fight him,  
 He from thousands ne'er will run,  
 Day and night I did invite him  
 To stay at home from sword and gun.  
 I us'd alluring graces,  
 With muckle kind embraces,  
 Now fighting, then crying, tears dropping fall;  
 And had he my soft arms  
 Preferr'd to war's alarms,  
 By love grown mad,  
 Without the man of God,  
 I fear in my fit I had granted all.

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GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

CORFE.

IN April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,  
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain,  
 The yellow-hair'd Laddie wou'd oftentimes go  
 To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn-  
 trees blow;  
 There under the shade of an old sacred thorn,  
 With freedom he sung his love ev'ning and morn;  
 He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound,  
 That sylvens and fairies unseen danc'd around.



## GLEE, THREE VOICES.

THE MAID OF SELMA.

CORFE.

IN the Hall I lay in night. Mine eyes were half  
 closed with sleep. Soft music came to mine ear: it  
 was the Maid of Selma: her neck was white as the  
 bosom of a swan trembling on swift-rolling waves;  
 she rais'd the nightly song; for she knew that my  
 soul was a stream that flow'd at pleasant sounds.  
 Mix'd with the harp arose her voice. She came  
 o'er my troubled soul like a beam on the dark  
 heaving ocean, when it bursts from a cloud, and  
 brightens the foamy side of a wave; 'twas like  
 the mem'ry of joys that are past; pleasant and  
 mournful to the soul.

## GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

HARMONIZED BY J. BROOKS.

YET awhile, sweet Sleep! deceive me,  
 Fold me in thy downy arms,  
 Let not Care awake to grieve me,  
 Lull it with thy potent charms;  
 I, a turtle, doom'd to stray,  
 Quitting your's, the parent's nest,  
 Find each bird—a bird of prey,  
 Sorrow knows not where to rest.

GLEE, FIVE VOICES.

WEBBE.

A gen'rous friendship no cold medium knows,  
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows;  
One should our int'rest and our passions be,  
My friend shou'd hate the man that injures me.

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GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

B. COOKE.

IF the prize you mean to get,  
Season Music well with Wit;  
Sense and Harmony combin'd,  
Make a banquet for the mind.  
The prize obtain'd, with me you'll hold  
Sterling Wit is sterling Gold.

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CATCH, THREE VOICES.

ATTERBURY.

JOAN said to John, when he stopt her t' other day,  
Pray, John, let me go, you know I cannot stay;  
You always tease me so, and want me to stay,  
But tease me no more, for now I must away.  
So she left him in spite of all he cou'd say,  
Who then cou'd say nought but—pray, Joan,  
prithee stay!

CATCH, THREE VOICES.

DR. HAYES.

WINDE gentle Evergreens to form a shade  
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid;  
Sweet Ivy winde thy boughs, and intertwine  
With blushing roses and the clust'ring vine:  
Thus will thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,  
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung.

---

CATCH, THREE VOICES.

ATTERBURY.

SWEET enslaver! can you tell  
How I learnt to love so well?  
In the morning when I rise,  
If the sunshine strike mine eyes,  
All that pleases in his view  
Is my hope to look on you.

---

CATCH, THREE VOICES.

WEBBE.

TO the Old, long life and treasure;  
To the Young, all health and pleasure;  
To the Fair, their face  
With eternal grace;  
And the Foul, to be lov'd at leisure.



CATCH, THREE VOICES.

THE DEBATE.

BAILDON.

Mr. Speaker, though 'tis late,  
I must lengthen the debate;  
Question, question! Hear him, hear!  
Sir, I shall name you if you stir:  
Order, order! Hear him, hear!  
Pray support, support the chair.

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GLEE, FIVE VOICES.

J. S. SMITH.

BLEST pair of syrens, pledges of heav'n's joy,  
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse!  
Wed your divine sounds mixt, your pow'r employ,  
Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,  
And to our high-rais'd phantasie present  
That undisturbed song of pure consent,  
As sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne,  
To Him that sits thereon, with faintly shout  
And solemn jubilee:  
Where the bright Seraphim, in burning row,  
Their loud-uplifted angel-trumpets blow;  
And the cherubick host, in thousand quires,  
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires;

With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,  
Hymns devout, and holy psalms,

Singing everlastingly:

That we on earth, with undiscording voice,  
May rightly answer that melodious noise;  
As once we did, till disproportion'd sin  
Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din  
Broke the fair music that all creatures made  
To their great Lord, whose love their motion  
    fway'd

In perfect diapason, whilst they stood  
In first obedience and their state of good.  
O, may we soon again renew that song,  
And keep in tune with heav'n, till God, eer long,  
To his celestial concert us unite,  
To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light!

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CANZONET, TWO VOICES.

JACKSON.

TIME has not thinn'd my flowing hair,  
Nor bent me with his iron hand;  
Ah! why so soon the blossom tear,  
Ere Autumn yet the fruit demand?  
Let me enjoy the cheerful day,  
Till many a year has o'er me roll'd;  
Pleas'd let me trifle time away,  
And sing of Love ere I grow old!

RONDO, THREE VOICES.

C. JENNER, A. M.

THOU'RT gone, thou'rt gone away,  
 Thou'rt gone away from me,  
 Nor friends, nor I, could make thee stay;  
 Thou'ft cheated them and me.  
 Until this day I ne'er cou'd think,  
 That aught cou'd alter thee;  
 Thou'rt still the mistress of my heart,  
 Think what thou wilt of me.  
 Thou'rt still &c.

Whate'er he said, or might pretend,  
 That stole that heart of thine;  
 I'm sure true love was not his end,  
 Not such a love as mine.  
 Thou'rt still &c.

---

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

WITH THE ORIGINAL WORDS, BY BEN JOHNSON.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,  
 And I will pledge with mine;  
 Or leave a kiss within the cup,  
 And I'll not look for wine.  
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise,  
 Doth ask a drink divine;  
 But might I Jove's sweet nectar sup,  
 I would not change for thine.



I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
 Not so much hon'ring thee,  
 As giving it in hope that there  
 It would not wither'd be.  
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
 And sent it back to me;  
 Since when, it looks, and smells, I swear,  
 Not of itself, but thee.

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CATCH, THREE VOICES.

JENKINS.

A boat, a boat, unto the ferry;  
 For we'll go over to be merry,  
 To laugh, and quaff, and drink good sherry.

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GLEE, THREE VOICES.

T. SMART.

WITH my jug in one hand, and my pipe in the  
 other,  
 I drink to my neighbour and friend;  
 My cares, in a whiff of tobacco I'll smother,  
 For life I know shortly must end.  
 While Ceres most kindly refills my brown jug,  
 With good ale I will make myself mellow;  
 In my old wicker chair I will seat myself snug,  
 Like a jolly and true-hearted fellow.

DUET.

HAYDON.

AS I saw fair Clora walk alone,  
The feather'd snow came softly down,  
As Jove descending from his tow'r,  
To court her in a silver show'r.  
The wanton snow flew to her breasts,  
As little birds into their nests,  
But being o'ercome with whiteness there,  
For grief dissolv'd into a tear;  
Thence falling on her garment's hem,  
To deck her, froze into a gem.

---

CATCH, THREE VOICES.

S. IVES. 1652.

COME, honest friends and jovial boys!  
Follow, follow me,  
And sing this Catch right merrily.

---

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

WEBBE.

BREATHE soft, ye winds! ye waters, gently flow!  
Shield her, ye trees! ye flow'rs, around her grow!  
Ye swains, I beg you'll pass in silence by;  
My Love in yonder vale asleep doth lie.

## DUET.

OLD Chiron thus preach'd to his pupil Achilles:  
 I'll tell you, young gentleman, what the Fates will is;  
 You, my boy, must go,  
 The Gods will have it so,  
 To the Siege of Troy;  
 You must go, my boy,  
 Thence never to return to Greece again,  
 But before those walls to be slain.  
 Let not your noble courage be cast down,  
 But, all the while you lay before the town,  
 Drink, and drive care away, drink and be merry:  
 You'll ne'er go the sooner to the Stygian ferry.

## CATCH, THREE VOICES.

## LORD MORNINGTON.

'T WAS you, fir, 'twas you, fir,  
 I tell you nothing new, fir,  
 'Twas you that kifs'd the pretty girl,  
     'Twas you, fir, you!  
 'Tis true, fir, 'tis true, fir,  
 You look so very blue, fir,  
 I'm sure you kifs'd the pretty girl,  
     'Tis true, fir, true!  
 O, fir, no, fir,  
 How can you wrong me so, fir?  
 I did not kifs the pretty girl,  
     But I know who.



CATCH, THREE VOICES.

DR. NORRIS.

WILT thou lend me thy Mare to go a mile?  
No, she's lamed, leaping over a stile.  
But if thou wilt her to me spare,  
Thou shalt have money for thy Mare.  
Oh, oh! say you so?  
Money will make the Mare to go.

---

CATCH, THREE VOICES.

HARK! Harry, 'tis late, come let us be gone,  
For Westminster Tom, by my faith, strikes one;  
Say'st thou so, honest lad, what makes him so faucy,  
To strike one, and yet not tell us the cause why?  
'Twas done in good part to get us away,  
And he'll certainly double his blow if we stay.

---

CATCH, THREE VOICES.

DR. HAYES.

CHAIRS to mend! old chairs to mend!  
Rush or cane bottom, old chairs to mend!  
New mackarel! new mackarel!  
Old rags! any old rags!  
Take money for your old rags!  
Any hare's skins, or rabbit's skins?

CATCH, THREE VOICES.

DR. ALDRICH.

HARK the bonny Christ-Church Bells,  
 One, two, three, four, five, six;  
 They sound so great, so wond'rous sweet,  
 And they troul so merrily, merrily.  
 Hark the first and second bell,  
 That every day at four and ten,  
 Cries, Come, come, to pray'rs!  
 And the Virger troops before the Dean.  
 Tingle, tingle! goes the small bell at nine,  
 To call the bearers home;  
 But the de'il a man will leave his can  
 Till he hears the mighty Tom.

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---

CATCH, FOUR VOICES.

PURCELL.

SOLDIER, Soldier! take off thy wine,  
 And shake thy locks, as I shake mine;  
 How can I my poor locks shake,  
 That have but ten hairs on my pate;  
 And one of them must go for tythe,  
 So there remains but four and five;  
 Four and five, and that makes nine,  
 Then take off your drink, as I take mine.

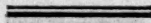
GLEE, THREE VOICES.

CALCOT.

STRAY not to those distant scenes,  
From thy comfort do not rove,  
Tarry in these peaceful glens,  
Tread the quiet paths of Love.

Is not this sequester'd shade  
Richer than the proud alcove?  
Tarry in this peaceful shade,  
Tarry here with me and Love.

See the limpid brooks around,  
Winding through the varied grove;  
This is Passion's fairy ground,  
Tarry here with me and Love.



GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

PAXTON.

UPON the poplar bough, in mournful strains,  
For her lost young sad Philomel complains,  
Of which the hind, with unrelenting breast,  
As yet unfledg'd defrauds the tuneful nest;  
Near which she sits upon the lighten'd spray,  
Mournfully sad, and pours her soul away,  
Renewing still her lamentable song,  
While through the woods and vales the murmurs  
die along.



GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

DR. ARNE.

WHICH is the properest day to drink,  
 Saturday, Sunday, Monday?  
 Each is the properest day I think,  
 Why shou'd I name but one day?

Tell me but your's, I'll mention my day,  
 Let us but fix on some day;  
 Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,  
 Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

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---

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

CALCOT.

ARE the white hours for ever fled  
 That us'd to mark the cheerful day;  
 And ev'ry blooming pleasure dead,  
 That led th' enraptur'd soul astray?

Too fast the rosy-footed train,  
 The blest delicious moments, pass'd;  
 Pleasure must now give way to pain,  
 And grief succeeds to joy at last.

O Daughters of eternal Jove,  
 Return with the returning year!  
 Bring pleasure back, and smiles, and love,  
 Let blooming love again appear.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

CALCOT.

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell my Jane,  
Where heartsome with thee I have many days  
been;

For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,  
May be to return to Lochaber no more.

These tears that I shed, they are all for my dear,  
And not for the dangers attending on war;  
Though borne on rough sea to a far distant shore,  
May be to return to Lochaber no more.

---

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

L. ATTERBURY.

NOW round the board my friends in concert join,  
And drown despair in copious draughts of Wine.  
Vulcan! sit down and blow the fire,

And Bacchus shall my butler be;  
Approach, my Genius, fill the goblet higher,  
I'll have no other Ganymede than thee.

---

CATCH, THREE VOICES.

WITHIN this tomb a Lawyer lies,  
Whom fame reports was just and wise;  
An able advocate, and honest too:  
That's wond'rous strange, if it be true!

RONDO, THREE VOICES.

PURCELL.

FROM DIDO AND ENEAS.

FEAR no danger to ensue,  
The hero loves as well as you;  
Ever gentle, ever smiling,  
And the cares of life beguiling,  
Cupid, strew your paths with flow'rs,  
Gather'd from elysian bow'rs:  
Fear no danger to ensue,  
The hero loves as well as you.

---

---

GLEE, FIVE VOICES.

WEBBE.

WHEN winds breathe soft along the silent deep,  
The waters curl, the peaceful billows sleep;  
A stronger gale the troubled wave awakes,  
The surface roughens, and the ocean shakes;  
More dreadful still, when furious storms arise,  
The mounting billows bellow to the skies;  
On liquid rocks the tottering vessel's tost,  
Unnumber'd surges lash the foaming coast;  
The raging waves, excited by the blast,  
Whiten with wrath, and split the sturdy mast;  
When in an instant, HE, who rules the floods,  
Earth, air, and fire, JEHOVAH! God of Gods!



In pleasing accents speaks his sov'reign will,  
 And bids the waters and the winds be still:  
 Hush'd are the winds, the waters cease to roar,  
 Safe are the seas, and silent is the shore.  
 Now, say, what joy elates the sailor's breast,  
 With prosp'rous gale so unexpected bless'd?  
 What ease, what transport, in each face is seen!  
 The heav'ns look bright, the air and sea serene;  
 For ev'ry plaint we hear a joyful strain  
 To Him, whose pow'r unbounded rules the main.

---

## GLEE, THREE AND FIVE VOICES.

J. S. STEVENS.

Sigh no more, ladies! ladies, sigh no more!

Men were deceivers ever,  
 One foot in sea and one on shore,

To one thing constant never;  
 Then sigh not so, but let them go,

And be you blithe and bonny,  
 Converting all your sounds of woe,  
 To hey, nonny, nonny!

Sing no more ditties; ladies, sing no more

Of dumps so dull and heavy,  
 The frauds of men were ever so,

Since summer first was leafy;  
 Then sigh not so, &c.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

CALCOT.

GO, idle boy! I quit thy bow'r,  
Thy couch of many a thorn and flow'r,  
I wish thee well for pleasures past,  
And bless the hour I'm free at last;  
Yet still, methinks the alter'd day  
Scatters around a mournful ray,  
And chilling ev'ry zephyr blows,  
And ev'ry stream untuneful flows.  
Haste thee back, then, idle boy,  
And with thine anguish bring thy joy;  
Though rent my heart with ev'ry pain,  
Yet let me love and love again!

---

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

HARMONIZED BY BROOKS.

'T WAS within a mile of Edinborough town,  
In the rosy time of the year,  
Sweet flow'rets bloom'd, and the grafs was down,  
And each Shepherd woo'd his dear.  
Bonny Jockey, blithe and gay,  
Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay;  
The lassie blush'd, and frowning cried,  
No, no, it wonna do,  
I canna, canna, wonna, wonna,  
Munna, buckle too.

But when he vow'd he wou'd make her his bride,  
 Tho' his flocks and his herds were but few,  
 She gave him her hand, and a kifs beside,  
 And vow'd she'd for ever be true.  
 Bonny Jockey, blithe and gay,  
 Won her heart right merrily;  
 At church she no more frowning cried,  
 No, no, &c.

---

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

BAILDON.

ADIEU! to the village delights,  
 Which lately my fancy enjoy'd,  
 No longer the country invites,  
 To me all its pleasures are void.  
 Adieu! thou sweet health-breathing hill,  
 Thou canst not my comfort restore,  
 For ever adieu! my dear vill,  
 My Lucy, alas! is no more!

She, she was the cure of my pain,  
 My blessing, my honour, and pride;  
 She ne'er gave me cause to complain  
 Till that fatal day that she died.  
 Her eyes that so beautiful shone,  
 Are closed for ever in sleep;  
 And mine, since my Lucy is gone,  
 Have nothing to do but to weep.



Cou'd my tears the bright angel restore,  
 Like a fountain they never shou'd cease;  
 But Lucy, alas! is no more,  
 And I am a stranger to peace.  
 Let me copy with fervour devout  
 The virtues that glow'd in her heart,  
 Then soon, when life's sand is run out,  
 We shall meet again never to part.

---

---

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

HARMONIZED BY J. BROOKS.

HAD I a heart for falsehood fram'd,  
 I ne'er cou'd injure you,  
 For though your tongue no promise claim'd,  
 Your charms wou'd make me true.  
 To you no soul shall bear deceit,  
 No stranger offer wrong,  
 But Friends in all the aged you'll meet,  
 And Lovers in the young.

But, when they learn that you have blest'd  
 Another with your heart,  
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest,  
 And act a Brother's part.  
 Then, Lady, dread not their deceit,  
 Nor fear to suffer wrong,  
 For Friends in all the aged you'll meet,  
 And Brothers in the young.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

GIARDINI.

HERE's a health to all good lasses,  
Pledge me merrily, fill your glasses;  
Let a bumper-toast go round:  
    May they live a life of pleasure,  
    Without mixture, without measure,  
For with them true joys are found.

---

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

BROOKS.

YE streams through the vallies that rove,  
    Ye flow'rs that spangle the plain,  
Ye tribes that inhabit the grove,  
    For Laura your beauties retain.  
Ye woods that furround her retreat,  
    Shou'd she chance to your coverts to stray,  
In whispering murmurs repeat,  
    What I fear in her presence to say,  
In vain to the Shepherds I fly,  
    Whose mirth us'd my spleen to disarm,  
Their sports now awaken the sigh,  
    Their pastimes no longer can charm;  
The Spring will no pleasure impart,  
    The Sun with no lustre will shine,  
No comfort will gladden my heart,  
    Till Laura and Beauty are mine.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

BROOKS.

ZEPHYR, haste, ah! swiftly fly  
 To the charmer of my heart,  
 In the semblance of a sigh,  
 All my bosom feels, impart;  
 Tenderly a flame reveal,  
 Which I never can conceal:  
 But should she with cold disdain,  
 Or pointed mirth, my suit deride,  
 Careless wanton in my pain,  
 Or cruelly my passion chide,  
 Return to me—the tidings bear,  
 And I will drown thee—in a tear.

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GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

BROOKS.

YOUNG Damon was a Shepherd's boy,  
 Fal, lal, la, de ral, de ral, de ra.  
 And much he lov'd to kifs and toy,  
 Fal, lal, la.  
 Long time he woo'd a rustic maid,  
 Who was of love most fore afraid,  
 For when he sigh'd she only said,  
 Fal, lal, la, &c.



With jocund heart one morn he rose,

Fal, la, la,

Clad in his best and Sunday's clothes;

Fal, la, la,

That he this damsel's heart might gain,

He talk'd of love, he talk'd of pain,

And fung an artless love-sick strain,

Fal, la, la, &c.

This maiden's heart 'gan to relent,

Fal, la, la,

She gave her hand with free consent,

Fal, la, la,

Such happy loves were seldom seen,

To trip along the verdant green,

As Damon and his Sylvan Queen,

Fal, la, la, &c.

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GLEE, THREE VOICES.

SHIELD.

FROM THE WOODMAN.

SHOU'D Mirth be observ'd by her sons to decline,

They recruit her bright lamp with a flask of good  
wine;

When the glass circles round, and our spirits im-  
prove,

How sweet flows the bumper to Friendship and  
Love!

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

HARMONIZED BY J. BROOKS.

LIFE is checquer'd toil and pleasure,  
 Fill up all the various measure,  
 See the Crew in flannel jerkins,  
 Drinking, toping flip by firkins,  
 And as they raise the tip  
 To their happy lip,  
 On the deck is heard no other sound,  
 But—Prithee Jack, prithee Dick,  
 Prithee Sam, prithee Tom,  
 Prithee Jack, prithee Dick,

Let the Can go round!

Then, hark! to the boatswain's whistle,  
 Bustle, bustle, bustle, my boy!  
 Let us stir, let us toil,  
 Let us drink all the while,  
 It will lighten our labour and toil.

Life is checquer'd toil and pleasure,  
 Fill up all the various measure,  
 Hark! the Crew, with sun-burnt faces,  
 Chanting black-ey'd Susan's graces,  
 And as they raise their notes  
 Through their rusty throats,  
 On the deck is heard no other sound,  
 But—Prithee Jack, &c.

Let the Can go round.

Then, hark! &c.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

BROOKS.

DIMPLED Pleasure, ever gay,  
 Parent of the jocund hour,  
 Hither wing thy wanton way,  
 Here thy choicest blessings show'r.  
 High to thee the bowl we'll raise,  
 Ev'ry song shall sound thy praise;  
 For to thee, alone, belong  
 Flowing bowls, and festive song.  
 Now that youth and life are ours,  
 Let us cull life's fairest flow'rs,  
 Sip the sweets, and, while 'tis May,  
 Bear the honey'd prize away.

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GLEE, THREE VOICES.

SHIELD.

FOR all thy boons below,  
 Oh, ruddy Health! to thee,  
 Thus ever, ever flow  
 The grateful strains of industry.  
 From Labour's fons around,  
 The Woodlands catch the sound,  
 While songsters blithe, on ev'ry spray,  
 Attune their voices to our roundelay.



GLEE, THREE VOICES.

SHIELD.

O! why to be happy a moment forbear,  
From a dread that a sorrow may fall to our share?  
Why look for the night, when the Sun's in its  
noon,

For come Care when it will, we shall know it too  
soon?

Then, why to be happy &c.

On the blithe minutes past no regret will be shed,  
But welcome with Wine those which come in  
their stead,

Then why to be happy &c.

And Time bearing witness to give us our due,  
Shall own that we sprinkled his wings as he flew.

Then why to be happy &c.

Why look for the night, &c.

CATCH, THREE VOICES.

WEBBE.

NEIGHBOURS, come round me, hear my tale,  
I've found a lambkin in the vale;  
He that has lost it, ere I show it,  
Must name the mark whereby to know it,  
They all agreed it was not known,  
O then, said Phoebe, 'tis my own.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

BOYTON.

CARELESS of all but Love and you,  
From place to place I range,  
But still no happiness I knew,  
Nor pleasure by the change.  
The murm'ring stream, the fruitful field,  
The plain, the shady grove,  
Alike to me no pleasure yield,  
When absent from my Love.

Yet, if my Delia but appears,  
How chang'd is all the scene,  
Nature a gayer livery wears,  
And I forget my pain.  
The murm'ring stream, the fruitful field,  
The plain, the shady grove,  
Alike to me all pleasure yield,  
When blest with her I love.

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GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

BOYTON.

TELL me, messmates, jovial crew,  
To what you most incline:—  
I to love a Mistress true,  
And I to gen'rous Wine.

When dangers great your ship furround,  
Where can you solace find?  
In Love its always to be found:  
'Tis better found in Wine.

My Mistress fills my faithful breast;  
My Bottle dwells in mine;  
Its comfort, all must own, is best—  
'Tis gen'rous, gen'rous Wine.

CHORUS.

With Love and Wine each willing heart  
Wou'd brave all wind and weather,  
Then let the blessings they impart  
Be blended well together.

---

CANZONET, TWO VOICES.

WEBBE.

SINCE I'm born a mortal man,  
And my being's but a span,  
'Tis a march that I must make,  
'Tis a journey I must take:  
What is past I know full well,  
What is future, who can tell?  
Teazing Care that sets me free,  
What have I to do with thee?  
All my short-liv'd hours shall shine,  
Thus replete with Mirth and Wine.



GLEE, THREE VOICES.

THE APPREHENDING AND COMMITMENT OF  
MARY JENKINS FOR MURDER.

A full, true, and particular account of that horrid, barbarous, cruel, and inhuman murder, which was committed on Wednesday last, by Mary Jenkins, with her examination before the Justice, and her commitment to Newgate.

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NEW YEAR'S GLEE, THREE VOICES.

REV. MR. WILLS.

HAIL! social pleasure!  
The heart's dearest treasure,  
In musical measure,  
We welcome thee here;  
Since life is fleeting,  
From fate no retreating,  
Enjoy then our meeting  
To greet the New-Year.

Sure it wou'd be treason,  
Against sense and reason,  
At this happy season,  
Our joys to refrain;  
For sorrow and sadness  
Is nothing but madness,  
When innocent gladness  
Solicits the strain.

Wake the loud Chorus,  
Mirth is before us,  
Cupid invites us,  
Gay Bacchus excites us,  
While Music delights us  
Our spirits to cheer;  
Then join in repeating  
Our wish for compleating  
The scheme of our meeting,  
To hail the New-Year.

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GLEE, THREE VOICES.

L. ATTERBURY.

HAPPY the man, and happy he alone,  
He, who can call to-day his own;  
He who, secure within, can say,  
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-day;  
Be fair or foul, or rain, or shine,  
The joys I have possess'd are mine.

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GLEE, THREE VOICES.

BOYTON.

LOVELY Nymphs, and jovial Swains,  
Here repair where Pleasure reigns;  
Oh! possess her while you may,  
She invites not ev'ry day.

Care! with all thy train, begone;  
 Foe to pleasure and to man;  
 To the Miser's hoarded cell  
 Fly, and ever with him dwell:  
 But, guileless pleasure, sweet and fair,  
 Void of envy, void of care,  
 On thy vot'ries deign to smile,  
 While we thus the hours beguile.

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CANZONET, TWO VOICES.

JACKSON.

YE Nymphs and Shepherds of the dale,  
 Who lately mark'd me all forlorn,  
 Who sigh'd with pity on my tale,  
 And dropt a tear to hear me mourn;  
 With thought consum'd, with visage drear,  
 No more mid desert rocks I pine,  
 My soul's soft idol hears my pray'r,  
 And vows for ever to be mine.

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FAIRY GLEE, THREE VOICES.

QUEEN MAB'S MARCH.

DR. HARRINGTON.

SEE o'er the brow the Moon doth peep,  
 Ye fairy Elves! forsake your sleep.



CANZONET, TWO VOICES.

JACKSON.

LOVE in thine eyes for ever plays,  
He to thy snowy bosom strays,  
He makes thy rosy lips his care,  
And walks the mazes of thy hair;  
Love dwells in ev'ry outward part,  
But, ah! he never touch'd thine heart.

How diff'rent is my fate from thine,  
No outward marks of love are mine;  
My brow is clouded by despair,  
And grief, love's bitter foe, is there;  
But deep within my glowing soul,  
He rules, he reigns, without controul.

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INVOCATION, THREE VOICES.

JACKSON.

THOU to whose eyes I bend, at whose command  
(Tho' low my voice, tho' artless be my hand)  
I take the sprightly reed, and sing or play,  
Careless of all the cens'ring world may say.  
O! Fairest of thy Sex! be thou my muse,  
Deign on my work thy influence to diffuse,  
So shall my notes to future times proclaim,  
Unbounded Love and ever-during Flame.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

BAILDON.

BACCHUS, Jove's delightful boy,  
Gen'rous God of Wine and Joy,  
Still exhilarates my soul,  
With the raptures of the bowl;  
Then with feather'd feet I bound,  
Dancing in a festive round;  
Then I feel the sparkling Wine,  
Transports delicate, divine;  
Then the sprightly Music warms,  
Songs delight, and Beauty charms.  
Debonair, and light, and gay,  
Thus I dance the hours away.

---

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

SHIELD.

HARK! the Bugle's sylvan strain  
Calls us to the sportive plain,  
Scene of artless love!  
Shepherds faithful tales advancing,  
Maidens' hearts in transport dancing,  
Happy may they prove;  
How blissful then the Wood-nymph's green retreat,  
Where Love and Innocence enraptur'd meet.  
Hark! &c. *Da Capo.*

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

STEPHENS.

WHAT to the valiant Knight of Spain  
 Was Donna del Toboso,  
 Such is the idol of his brain  
 To ev'ry Virtuoso:—  
 Don Quixote to a goddess lifted  
 An home-spun country lass,  
 Each grain of corn the damsel sifted,  
 With him for pearls cou'd pass:  
 Whate'er the curious deifies,  
 It thus his fancy warms,  
 And gives to shells and butterflies  
 Imaginary charms.  
 But let not those who look more grave,  
 Themselves their wisdom pride on,  
 Since ev'ry man must sometimes have  
 His hobby-horse to ride on.

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TRIO IN COMUS.

DR. ARNE.

LIVE and love, enjoy the fair,  
 Banish sorrow, banish care;  
 Mind not what old dotards say;  
 Age has had his share of play,  
 But youth's sports begin to-day.

H

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From the fruits of sweet delight,  
 Why shou'd scare-crow virtue fright?  
 Here in Pleasure's vineyard we,  
 Rove like birds from tree to tree,  
 Careless, airy, gay, and free.

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GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

SHIELD.

WHAT is Love?—

An odd compound of simples most sweet,  
 Cull'd in life's spring by fancy,

Poor mortals to cheat;—

A passion no eloquence yet cou'd improve,  
 So a sigh best expresses the passion of love.

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HUNTING GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DR. HAYES.

HARK! how the jolly Huntsman's cries,

In concert with the op'ning Hounds,

Rend the wide concave of the skies,

And tire dull Echo with their sounds:

Ah! me, the sprightly bounding Doe,

The chace, and ev'ry thing I view,

Still to my mind recall my woe:

So, Celia flies, so I pursue.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

DR. HARINGTON.

COME, follow, follow me,  
Ye Fairy Elves that be,  
Come follow Mab, your Queen,  
And trip it still unseen;  
Hand in hand let's dance around,  
And lightly tread the circled ground.  
When mortals are at rest,  
And snoring in their nest,  
Then unheard, and unespied,  
We through the key-hole quickly glide;  
Over tables, stools, and shelves,  
How nimbly sport our Fairy Elves;  
By midnight revels when distressed,  
And wearied nature seeks her rest,  
Soon as the Moon doth hide her head,  
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

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DUET.

TRAVERS. WORDS BY PRIOR.

SAYS Pontius in rage, contradicting his wife,  
You never once told me one truth in your life;  
Vex'd Pontia no way would this thesis allow,  
You're a Cuckold, says she; do I tell you truth  
now?

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

DANBY.

CROWN'D with roses, let us quaff  
The gen'rous liquor, jest, and laugh;  
Let our Lasses dance around  
To the cittern's sportive sound,  
Each a Thyrsis in her hand,  
Let the boys too join the band;  
One shall sing, and one shall play,  
All shall merry be and gay;  
Cupid, with his golden hair,  
Ever young and ever fair;  
Bacchus, sprightly God and gay,  
Venus, Queen of Love and May,  
These our quire shall join, and bring  
With them everlasting spring:  
Beauty, Mirth, and Wine, and Love,  
Ev'ry sorrow shall remove.

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GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

DR. COOKE.

PRITHEE fill me a glafs,  
Till it laugh in my face,  
With ale that is potent and mellow;  
He that whines for a las,  
Is an ignorant as,  
For a bumper has not its fellow.



GLEE, THREE VOICES.

ANSWER TO "SIGH NO MORE LADIES." PERCY.

SAY not so, Friar! Friar, say not so,  
That men are constant never,  
For my true love has died for me,  
And doom'd me wretched ever;  
Then let me sigh, until I die,  
Nor e're be blithe and bonny,  
Or quit my plaintive song of woe  
For—Heigh! nonny, nonny.

Say not so, Friar! Friar, say not so,  
For time does now discover,  
Since Summer trees were leafy seen,  
Ne'er liv'd so true a lover;  
Then let me sigh, &c.

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GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

WEBBE.

LIVE to-day, enjoy each blessing,  
Taking what the Gods have sent;  
Time is ever on us pressing,  
Let no moment be mispent.  
Fill the glass and fill the bowl,  
May Bacchus still with love agree;  
And let each Briton warm his soul  
With Love, and Wine, and Liberty,

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

SHIELD.

MY mother had a maid call'd Barbara;  
 She was in love: and he she lov'd prov'd false,  
 And did forsake her: she had a song of willow,  
 An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,  
 And she dy'd singing it: that song, to-night,  
 Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,  
 But to go hang my head all o' one side,  
 And sing it like poor Barbara.

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GLEE, THREE VOICES.

CALCOT.

IT was a Friar of order grey,  
 Walk'd forth to tell his beads,  
 And he met with a Lady fair,  
 Clad in a pilgrim's weeds:  
 Now, heav'n thee save, thou rev'rend Friar,  
 I pray thee tell to me,  
 If ever at your holy shrine  
 My true love thou didst see.  
 And how shou'd I your true love know,  
 From any other one?  
 O by his cockle hat and staff,  
 And by his fandal shoon.

The holy Father thus reply'd:

O! Lady! he is dead and gone,  
 And at his head a green grafs turf,  
 And at his heels a ftone;  
 Weep no more lady; lady, weep no more,  
 Thy forrow is in vain,  
 For vi'lets pluck'd, the sweeteft flow'rs  
 Will ne'er make grow again.  
 Yet, ftay, fair Lady, reft awhile  
 Beneath yon cloifter wall,  
 See thro' the hawthorn blows the wind,  
 And drizzling rain doth fall.  
 O, ftay me not, thou holy Friar,  
 O, ftay me not, I pray,  
 No drizzling rain that falls on me  
 Can wafh my fault away.

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GLEE.  
 PERKINS.

SWEET is the pleasure melodiously flowing,  
 When love is the fubject of Celadon's lay;  
 Joys and foft raptures ferenely beftowing  
 On Daphne's retreat from the cares of the day.  
 Lambs in green pastures with innocence bleating,  
 And streamlets fhall bubble their notes to his air;  
 Rocks fhall turn vocal thro' Echo repeating  
 That Daphne's "*the faireft of all that is fair.*"



CATCH, FOUR VOICES.

MORELLA.

HALF an hour past twelve o'clock, and a star-  
light morning.

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GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

FROM THE TEMPEST. DR. COOKE.

HALCYON days, now wars are ending,  
You shall find whene'er you sail,  
Tritons all the while attending  
With a kind and gentle gale;  
No stars again shall hurt you from above,  
But all your days shall pass in peace and love,  
Halcyon days, &c.

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GLEE, FIVE VOICES.

CALCOT.

O Love! how swift thy fairest prospects fade,  
Swift as the beauty of a vernal day;  
At morn the sun illumines the dewy glade,  
And flow'rs expanding drink his orient ray.  
But soon it passes, chilling blasts arise,  
The flow'rets droop, its lustre disappears;  
And the light clouds that glow'd with golden dyes,  
Chang'd to black vapours mourn its fate in tears.

## GLEE AND CHORUS.

DR. COOKE.

Hand in hand with Fairy grace,  
Will we sing and bless this place;

Now until the break of day,  
Thro' this house each Fairy stray:

To the best bride-bed will we,  
Which by us shall blessed be,  
And the issue there create

Ever shall be fortunate.

So shall all the couples three,  
Ever true in loving be,

And the blots of nature's hand  
Shall not in their issue stand.

Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,  
Nor mark prodigious,

Such as are despis'd in nativity,  
Shall upon their children never be;

No, never, on their children be,  
With this field dew consecrate.

Ev'ry Fairy take his gait,  
And each sev'ral chamber bless.

Through this palace with sweet peace:

Ever shall it safely rest,

And the owner shall be blest:

*Chorus.*—Trip away, make no stay,

Meet we all by break of day.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

HOOK.

JACK and Jill went up the hill  
To fetch a pail of water;  
Jack tumbled down and broke his crown,  
And Jill came tumbling after.

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GLEE, THREE VOICES.

TO be jovial and gay, to be merry and wife,  
To pass time away, is a boon that I prize;  
With Friendship and Glee to fill up the span,  
Is a life that suits me, and I will if I can.

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GLEE, FIVE VOICES.

CALCOT.

HAIL! happy Albion! Queen of Isles,  
Peaceful freedom o'er thee smiles;  
Thy lib'ral heart, thy judging eye,  
The flow'r unheeded can descry,  
And bid it round heav'n's altars shed  
The fragrance of its blushing head;  
Through the wild waves as they roar,  
With watchful eye, and dauntless mien,  
Thy steady course of honour keep,  
Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore:  
The star of Brunswick shines serene,  
And gilds the horrors of the deep.



GLEE, FIVE VOICES.

WEBBE.

FLY me not, O lovely Maid!  
Though the bloom of life's decay'd,  
Though my hairs are growing grey,  
Haste thee not so fast away;  
And, though fresh in youth you shine,  
And all the flow'r of life is thine,  
In Beauty's loveliest bright array,  
Haste thee not so fast away.

---

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

ODE TO SPRING. PAXTON.

HAIL! blushing Goddess! beauteous Spring!  
Who in thy jocund train dost bring  
Loves and Graces, smiling hours,  
Balmy breezes, fragrant flow'rs;  
Come with tints of roseate hue,  
Nature's faded charms renew.

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GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

ROSLINE CASTLE. CORFE.

'T WAS in that season of the year,  
When all things gay and sweet appear,  
When Colin with the morning ray  
Arose, and sung his rural lay.

Of Nanny's charms the Shepherd sung,  
 The hills and dales with Nanny rung,  
 While Rosline Castle heard the swain,  
 And echo'd back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet Muse! the breathing Spring  
 With rapture warms; awake, and sing;  
 Awake, and join the vocal throng,  
 Who hail the morning with a song.  
 To Nanny raise the cheerful lay,  
 Oh! bid her haste and come away,  
 In sweetest smiles herself adorn,  
 And add new graces to the morn.

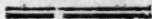
Oh! hark, my love, on ev'ry spray  
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay:  
 'Tis Beauty fires the ravish'd tongue,  
 And Love inspires the melting song.  
 Then let my raptur'd notes arise,  
 For Beauty darts from Nanny's eyes;  
 And Love my rising bosom warms,  
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my Love, thy Colin's lay,  
 With rapture calls, O come away;  
 Come, while the Muse this wreath shall twine  
 Around that modest brow of thine.  
 O hither haste, and with thee bring  
 That beauty, blooming like the spring;  
 Those graces, that divinely shine,  
 And charm this ravish'd breast of mine,

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

FIRST STANDING GLEE AFTER SUPPER.

WITH a jolly full Bottle, let each man be arm'd,  
 We must be good subjects, whose hearts are thus  
 warm'd;  
 Here's a health to old England, the King, and  
 the Church,  
 May all plotting contrivers be left in the lurch;  
 May England's great Monarch bravely fight his  
 just cause,  
 Establish long Peace, our Religion, and Laws.



THE WORDS OF THE MUSIC OF MACBETH.

MATTHEW LOCKE.

- 1 *Witch.* Speak, sister! is the deed done?
- 2 *Witch.* Long ago, long ago;  
Above twelve glasses since have run.
- 3 *Witch.* Ill deeds are seldom slow,  
Or single, but following crimes on former wait.
- 4 *Witch.* The worst of creatures fastest propagate.  
Many more murders must this one ensue;  
Dread horrors still abound,  
And ev'ry place surround,  
As if in death were found  
Propagation too.
- 2 *Witch.* He must!
- 3 *Witch.* He shall!



4 *Witch.* He will spill much more blood,  
And become worse, to make his title good.

*Chorus.* He will, he will spill much more blood,  
And become worse, to make his title good.

1 *Witch.* Now let's dance.

*Chorus.* Agreed, agreed, agreed.  
We should rejoice when good kings bleed.

1 *Witch.* When cattle die, about we go;  
When lightning and dread thunder  
Rend stubborn rocks in sunder,  
And fill the world with wonder,  
What shall we do ?

*Chorus.* Rejoice—we should rejoice.

1 *Witch.* When winds and waves are warring,  
Earthquakes the mountains jarring,  
And monarchs die despairing,  
What should we do?

*Chorus.* Rejoice—we should rejoice.

SONG.

1 *Witch.* Let's have a dance upon the heath,  
We gain more life by Duncan's death.

2 *Witch.* Sometimes like brinded cats we shew,  
Having no music but our mew,  
To which we dance in some red mill,  
Upon the hopper, stone, or wheel;  
To some old saw, or bardish rhyme,

*Chorus.* Where still the mill-clack does keep time.

Sometimes about a hollow tree,  
 Around, around, around dance we;  
 Thither the chirping crickets come,  
 Beetles sing in drowsy hum;  
 Sometimes we dance o'er ferns and furze,  
 To howls of wolves, or barks of curs;  
 Or if with none of these we meet,  
*Chorus.* We dance to the Echoes of our feet.

*Chorus.* At the night-raven's dismal voice,  
 When others tremble we rejoice,  
 And nimbly, nimbly, dance we still,  
 To th' Echoes from a hollow hill.

*Witch.* Hecate, Hecate! come away!

*Hecate.* Hark, hark! I'm call'd,  
 My little merry airy spirit, see,  
 Sits in foggy cloud, and waits for me.

*Witch.* Hecate, Hecate!

*Air, Hec.* Thy chirping voice I hear,  
 So pleasing to my ear,  
 At which I post away,  
 With all the speed I may.

Where's Puckle?—*W.* Here.

*Hec.* Where's Stradling?—*W.* Here:  
 And Hopper too, and Hellway too:  
 We want but you, we want but you.

*Chorus.* Come away, make up th' account.

*Hec.* With new-fall'n dew,  
From church-yard yew,  
I will but 'noint, and then I'll mount.  
Now I'm furnish'd for my flight.

*Air.* Now I go, and now I fly,  
Malkin, my sweet sp'rit, and I:  
O what a dainty pleasure's this!  
To sail in the air,  
When the moon shines fair,  
To sing, to dance, to toy, and kifs,  
Over woods, high rocks and mountains;  
Over hills and misty fountains,  
Over steeples, towns, and turrets,

*Chorus.* We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.

*Recitative and Chorus.*

Black spirits and white, red spirits and grey,  
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.  
Round, around, around about,  
All ill come running in, all good keep out.

*Recitative and Chorus.*

Here's the blood of a bat:  
O put in that.  
Here's lizard's brain:  
Put in a grain.

Here's juice of toad;—here's oil of adder,  
And that will make the charm grow madder.  
Put in all these, 'twill raise a stench:  
Hold, here's three ounces of a red-hair'd wench.

*Chorus.* Round, around, around about, &c.





## ADDENDA

TO THE

*Harmonic Society's Glees, &c.*

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CATCH, THREE VOICES.

THE MULBERRY SHADE.

J. DANBY.

WHO was it that sat in the Mulberry shade?  
Who was it that courted a smart little maid?  
Who was it this smart little maid made a jest on?  
It was you,—it was you,—it was you,—  
Or 'twas old Colly Weston.

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GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DANBY.

WHEN Phoebus the tops of the hills doth adorn,  
How sweet is the sound of the echoing horn!  
When the antling stag is rous'd by the sound,  
Erecting his ears, nimbly sweeps o'er the ground,  
And thinks he has left us behind on the plain:  
Yet still we pursue,—and now come in view  
of the glorious game.

O, see! how again he rears up his head,  
And, winged with fear, redoubles his speed:  
But, oh! 'tis in vain, 'tis in vain that he flies,  
That his eyes lose the huntsman, his ears lose the  
cries,

For now his strength fails him, he heavily flies;  
And he pants—pants—pants—pants,  
Till with well-scented hounds surrounded he dies.  
Tonta-ron, ton-ta-ron, he dies.

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GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DR. HARINGTON.

OCCASIONED BY HEARING “NON NOBIS” ILL SUNG.

WHAT shall we sing, now we are three?  
Let it be Non Nobis, DOMINE:—  
Hold, fir, hold, indeed that's wrong;—  
I'm sure 'tis right, so pray go on.  
Begin again, it is not so, fir,  
I'll swear 'tis wrong—it can't be so, fir.  
I'm sure I'm right—indeed you're wrong—  
I'll sing no more—you both are wrong.

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GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

LORD MORNINGTON.

AN IMITATION OF MATTHEW LOCKE.

COME, shepherds, come away, without delay,  
While the gentle time doth stay;  
Green woods are dumb, and will never tell to any  
Those proud kisses, and those many  
Fond embraces which were given,  
Dainty pleasures that could ev'n  
In coldest age raise a fire,  
And give to virgins soft desire.  
Come, shepherds, &c.

## GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DANBY.

WITH the sun we rise at morn,  
 Haste our flocks into the mead;  
 By the fields of yellow corn,  
 There our gentle lambs we feed,  
 Ever sportive, ever gay,  
 While the merry pipe we play.

Waft, sweet Echo, to her ears  
 Those strains that softly move,  
 To speak Orlando's tender fears,  
 And sound his vows of love;  
 My fondest wishes kindly bear  
 Unto her gentle breast,  
 And tell the sleeping fair  
 She stole my balmy rest.

Take, O take, those lips away,  
 That so sweetly are forsworn;  
 And those eyes, the heat of day,  
 Lights that do mislead the morn.  
 But my kisses bring again,  
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

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GLEE. DR. COOKE.

IN the merry month of May,  
 On a morn by break of day,  
 Forth I walk'd by the wood-side,  
 Where, as May was in his pride,  
 There I spied, all alone,  
 Phillida and Corydon.



Much ado there was, God wot,  
 For he would love, and she would not:  
 She said, never man was true;  
 He said, none was false to you:  
 He said, he had lov'd her long;  
 She said, love would do no wrong,  
 Corydon would kiss her then;  
 She said, maids must kiss no men,  
 Till they did for good and all:  
 Then she made the shepherd call  
 On all the heav'ns to witness truth,  
 That never lov'd a truer youth.  
 Thus with many a pretty oath,  
 Yea and nay, and faith and troth,  
 Such as silly shepherds use  
 When they will not love abuse,  
 Love, which had been long deluded,  
 Was with kisses sweet concluded;  
 And Phillida, with garland gay,  
 Was crown'd the Lady of the May.

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STAMMERING GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DR. HARINGTON.

A MAN IN HASTE ENQUIRES FOR GOODY GROANER  
 THE MIDWIFE, AND FINDS TWO STAMMERING PER-  
 SONS, WHO PUT HIM IN A PASSION.

SIR, can you tell,  
 Where Old Goody Groaner the midwife do dwell?  
 Who—who—who—who—who—fir?  
 Where, where, pray fir, where? pray do, fir;—  
 I, I, I, I, I, I, will te-te-te-te-tell you:—  
 Be quick, fir, be quick, fir,  
 My wife, fir, is sick, fir;—

She, she, she, do li-li-li-li-live—  
 Zounds—zounds, you'd be all day, fir,—  
 O-o-o-o-ver the way, fir;—  
 Stay, stay, fir; no-no-no-no-no, gone, they say, fir,  
 I will tell by and bye, fir,—  
 He do lye, lye, fir.—  
 Poor Jenny is bad, fir;  
 Such stuttering, such fluttering,  
 Such stammering, such hammering,  
 'Twill make a man mad, fir.

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GLEE, FIVE VOICES.

J. C. PRING.

COME, O haste thee, beauteous Spring,  
 To deck once more the teeming earth,  
 Come, O haste, and with thee bring  
 Gentle love and smiling mirth.  
 The melting frosts bedew the way  
 Where'er thy flow'ry footsteps tread,  
 The morning breezes round thee play,  
 Perfumes the flutt'ring zephyrs spread.  
 Come, O haste, &c.

She comes, behold! o'er yonder hill  
 The rising verdure marks her way;  
 Now let the pipe exert its skill,  
 And virgin voices chant the lay.

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GLEE, THREE VOICES.

CALCOT.

SEE, with ivy chaplet bound,  
 And wreaths of vernal roses crown'd;

See, Bacchus comes, and brings along  
 Blooming Mirth and cheerful Song;  
 But ah! no myrtle there is seen,  
 No laurel spreads a lasting green;  
 Say, does Apollo fly the train,  
 Or lovely Venus wine disdain?  
 Behold the Muses now appear,  
 And willing Beauty sighs sincere:  
 Happier far than Gods above—  
 We fill to Harmony and Love;  
 Happier far than men below,  
 Now with sparkling wine we glow;  
 Happier still our lot shall be,  
 Blest with these and Liberty.

---

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

CALCOT.

LOVELY seems the Moon's fair lustre  
 To the lost, benighted swain,  
 When all silv'ry bright she rises  
 Gilding mountain, grove, and plain:  
 Lovely seems the Sun's full glory  
 To the fainting seaman's eyes,  
 When some horrid storm dispersing  
 O'er the waves his radiance flies.

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GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

BARON DILLON.

FOR you, ye Fair, who deign to grace our meeting,  
 We join with cheerful harmony,  
 We join to hail you greeting;



If by our Songs, by our Catches, or our Glee,  
We may obtain our utmost wish, our wish to please;  
Accept our efforts, for we fain would prove,  
Our motto and our sentiment  
Is—"HARMONY and LOVE."

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NIGHT SCENE IN ROMEO AND JULIET.  
TRIO.

DR. HARINGTON.

JULIET.

And wilt thou be gone, sweet love?  
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,  
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree.

ROMEO.

It was the lark, sweet herald of the morn,  
No nightingale:—  
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.—  
Look, love, what envious streaks  
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east,  
And jocund day stands tiptoe  
On the misty mountain's tops;  
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

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GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

BARON DILLON.

FAIN wou'd I sing the warlike feats,  
Of chiefs whom valour fir'd;  
In vain! my lyre no song repeats,  
But those by love inspir'd.

Each string I chang'd, the lyre itself,  
Fruitless my efforts prove;  
For still my lyre no sounds repeats,  
But those inspir'd by love.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

BARON DILLON.

THE card invites, in crowds we fly,  
To join the jovial crew full cry;  
What joy from cares and plagues all day,  
To hie to the midnight—hark away!

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

BARON DILLON.

Cease, cease! your slow pathetick mournful glees,  
Cheerful and lively strains will ever please:  
Musick, like wine, should elevate the hearts,  
And give that zest sparkling champaign imparts:  
Beauty will then with double lustre shine,  
And Love triumphant prove it's power divine.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

S. WEBBE.

O come, O Bella,  
L'ardor de vini,  
Piu corallini  
Quei labri fa.

D. C.

Bacco vi stilla

Soave umore,  
D'un tal sapore  
Che amor non ha.

D. C.

Bevilo, O Cara.

Quando ha la spuma,  
Tal si costuma  
Gustarlo qui.

D. C.

Così gridando

L'ama il Francese,  
Cheto L'Inglese  
L'ama così.

D. C.

Ma care luci

Voi non vedete,  
Qual altra fete  
Sui labri sta.

D. C.

Aita il core

Ch' e tutto fuoco,  
E a poco a poco  
Mancando va.

D. C.

Si Bella, Dori

Godiam, che il giorno.  
Presto e al ritorno  
Presto e al partir.

C. D.

Di giovinezza

Godiamo il fiore,  
Poi l'ultim ore  
Lasciam venir.

D. C.

